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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

HARDING'S ELECTION

In a leading article upon Harding's election, the formerly semi-official *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* impresses upon its readers what it conceives to be the immense importance of this event for Europe:

The President of the United States presides over a government which has no peer upon the globe in respect to power and influence. . . . In comparison with the continental countries of Europe, and even with England, the only real victor in the World War is the United States. . . . The dollar has become the standard unit in international exchange. . . . The government has a great army of well-trained soldiers ready to respond to its call in case of need. Its industries have learned in a way which never was foreseen to serve the purposes of war. Its navy now makes America a dominant factor on the sea. With its vast protected natural resources in the interior, and its ambitious and enterprising people, it is a land dependent on no other country, and able to throw its political power into the balance without fear of a famine of either food or raw materials.

Continuing its comment in this tenor, this paper, like the rest of the continental press, interprets the outcome of the election in close accord with the explanation familiar to us at home. It does, indeed, refer incidentally to Cox's 'extraordinary hostility to the German-Americans,' which is ascribed to his idea that this would strengthen him with the voters.

One of the most intelligent German comments upon the election appears in the well-known liberal daily, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and concludes as follows:

The German people have never interested themselves in American party politics. If we feel a mental impulse to shake hands with the candidate just elected, it is because we regard him as the President who will bring about a speedy peace between Germany and the Union, and because we share his desire to see the League of Nations improved.

Naturally, the Italian press rejoices at the outcome, because it represents the defeat of President Wilson. *Milan Secolo* concludes its leader as follows:

He (Wilson) returns now to the obscurity from which the accident of circumstance lifted him. This man, entrusted with mighty power which he was not competent to use, will disappear and leave no trace. However, the principles of which he made himself a herald will survive him. A world-wide, unqualified recognition of the right of every people to rule itself is perhaps still a dream of the distant future; but it is a dream which has been crystallizing into reality for a century, and which every added year brings nearer to attainment.

AMERICANS TO UNVEIL IRELAND?

THE *New Statesman* in 'An Appeal to the American Press' insists that the British public is not permitted to learn the truth regarding reprisals in Ire-

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land, and concludes with the following remarkable suggestion:

We must appeal to the outside world to save us from ourselves. A number of pro-Irish-Americans have recently constituted a Commission in Washington to inquire into the truth of the struggle in Ireland. The Commission consists of a large number of well-known Americans; but its impartiality is, to say the least, open to question, and we doubt both the real value of its inquiry and the weight which any report it may make will carry in any quarter on this side of the Atlantic. We suggest that there is something much more valuable which Americans can do. Let the American press send over an army of its ablest and most trusted correspondents large enough to cover every county in Ireland. The British government will then be faced with this alternative; it will either have to exclude these journalists from Ireland—and thus admit all; or else it will have to take effective means to secure that they are not touched or threatened; for, insane as it is, it will recognize the impossibility of allowing any American subject to be 'handled' by the Black and Tans. We are very conscious of the humiliation involved in this appeal. We have never admitted the right of America or of any other country to interfere in the Irish question. It is a British, not an international question. But the ultimate humiliation for Great Britain involved in a continuance of the present state of affairs in Ireland seems to us to be so great and so unbearable as to outweigh every other consideration.

EUROPEAN DEBT SET-OFFS AGAINST AMERICA

EUROPE's feeling of burdensome financial obligation to the United States is naturally accompanied by a search for set-offs against its debt to us, and by arguments in favor of scaling down that debt. *L'Europe Nouvelle* attacks this question from a new standpoint. It says that European banks still have in their portfolios the repudiated bonds of eight American states—Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, and South Carolina, which, with the unpaid interest upon them for the past forty to sixty years, now amount to over \$144,000,000. It also alludes to the unpaid Confederate

debt of \$46,000,000. The latter, however, is not considered a collectable claim. The implied obligation of our federal government to provide for the payment of the defaulted state bonds and the interest upon them is assumed to be strong, because our government has made the failure of certain Spanish-American republics, for whose solvency it is far less responsible than for that of its own states, to meet their foreign obligations the excuse for assuming financial control of their governments. The Argentine Republic assumed the debts of several of its insolvent provinces some years ago. The Brazilian government is paying defaulted interest upon the obligations of the state of Espirito-Santo.

ARGENTINE ANTI-PROFITEERING LAW

ARGENTINA has just enacted an anti-profiteering bill containing the following provisions, which are enforced by penalties of from \$2000 to \$100,000, with from one to three years' imprisonment as an ultimate punishment in case of aggravated offences. Breaches of clause two are deemed aggravated offences, and if the offenders are corporations or companies, the managers, directors, and firm members are liable:

1. Prohibits every individual or collective act, and every combine, commercial or industrial, including transports by land, river, or sea, of whatever nature or kind, calculated to produce an artificial rise or fall in prices to the detriment of the consumers.

2. Prohibits especially, without prejudice to the above general prohibition:

- (a) The deliberate destruction of products of whatever kind and in whatever stage of production, by producers, middlemen, or dealers, with the object of raising prices. Those guilty of such destruction shall not shelter themselves behind any enactments which may authorize it.

- (b) The abandonment of existing cultivated land or plantations, the closing down of factories, works, quarries, mines, and other sources of production, with the object of fixing indemnities to be paid to the owners.

(c) Agreements for apportioning any part of the territory of the Republic as a closed market for the purchase or sale of certain products to the benefit of certain producers, and of certain individuals or companies, with the object of suppressing competition and raising prices.

(d) The cornering or withdrawal from consumption or trade, with the object of raising prices, of articles of first necessity used for food, clothing, dwelling, lighting, and heating, to be subsequently enumerated by Decree of the Executive.

(e) Agreements or compacts tending to limit the production or perfecting of the articles referred to in the above subsection.

SCOTCH SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS

THE *London Times* prints an article by its Glasgow correspondent describing the 'Socialist Sunday Schools' of the Clyde district. The exercises are said to open usually with an address by the president, in which the children are welcomed as 'proletarian children' and taught that they are entitled as a birth-right to a country in which 'there will be no mansions and no slums, no kings and no queens, no lords and no dukes, no masters and no servants, no rich and no poor.' The service also includes songs from a Socialist hymnal from which such Wattish stanzas as the following are quoted:

The master class we scorn and fight,
Vile reptiles of all human right;
Their lackeys, gaffers, and their spies,
And all the 'pilots of the skies.'

'The Wage Slave's Marching Song' apparently borrows its rhythm from 'Marching Through Georgia':

We laugh at kings, lords, dukes, and knights, and
all the 'State' bound band,
We see the parson's cunning smile, the crooks we
understand;
The 'master class' we'll bury yet in this and
every land,
Singing our marching song of unity.

Some of the proletarian commandments are:

Thou shalt not be a patriot, for a patriot is an international black-leg. Your duty to yourself and your class demands that you be a citizen of the world.

Thou shalt teach revolution, for revolution means the abolition of the present Political State, and the end of Capitalism, and the raising in their place an Industrial Republic.

Thou shalt demand, on behalf of your class, the complete surrender of the capitalist class, and all the means of production, distribution, and exchange, with the land and all that it contains, and by so doing you shall abolish class rule.

POST-WAR PROBLEMS IN AUSTRALIA

DURING the war, the government of Australia controlled the export trade in wheat, metals, wool, butter and cheese, jams, canned fruits, sugar, coal, hops, flax, and leather, the value of these commodities thus handled amounting to nearly a billion and a quarter dollars. By means of pools, the whole product was dealt with on a common basis. The credit of the state was used to finance crops and to enable producers to carry on. The state assumed responsibility for finding a market and tonnage for delivering to that market.

The guaranteed price for export wheat was four shillings until after the armistice, and has now been raised to five shillings. For the past two years, Australian crops have been short, and there has been little exportable surplus at this price. Local prices have been fixed at a higher rate, rising to 7s. 8d. a bushel. As a result, the price of wheat lands has risen above their true economic value.

Wool was sold to the British government at a flat rate of 15½d. a pound f. o. b., with the proviso that the British government should pay the Australian government, on behalf of the wool-growers, one-half the profits realized on wool sold for civilian purposes above this rate. Local manufac-

turers had a priority in buying at the flat price. Manufacturers of tops for export had to repay a percentage of their profit to the government. The flat price was one half more than the average pre-war price, and as but little labor is used in the pastoral industry, graziers made a good profit. Local wool manufacturing was also encouraged.

Naturally, the problem of returning to uncontrolled trade in these commodities on a pre-war basis is proving difficult, especially in a country where the functions of government have been extended so broadly as in Australia.

For many years, there have been woolen mills in Australia and New Zealand which manufactured excellent cloth, worsted, rugs for domestic use, and tops for export, particularly to Japan. During the war, Australia began to manufacture woolen machinery, and local inventors—perhaps because they were unhampered by British traditions—are said to have made some notable improvements in this machinery. A strong movement is under way in the colonies, now that the removal of war restrictions in other countries has increased foreign competition, to protect and promote manufacturing at home so as to supply the entire domestic market.

CLEMENCEAU-FOCH CONTROVERSY

As the war drifts into history and its imperative reticences are relaxed, the public is learning of hitherto unsuspected strains and discords among the men who managed it. Just now, the European press is occupied with a remarkable interview by Marshal Foch, published in *Matin*, attacking Clemenceau, and with a defense of the former Premier by André Tardieu in *Illustration*. Foch says that, in March, 1918, when he had been made commander-in-chief of an army of man-

œuvre 'which was hardly in existence,' he was rudely reproved by Clemenceau for advising more adequate preparation to meet the anticipated German offensive. His version of the events which led up to his appointment to the chief command of the Allied army implies the constant opposition of Clemenceau, who finally gave way to the urgency of Field Marshal Haig.

Behind this ill-feeling, apparently, rests the resentment which Marshal Foch still cherishes because the Rhine was not made virtually the western frontier of Germany. He summarized the peace at the time as providing France 'with neither frontiers nor pledges,' but explains that the safety of France made the Rhine essential merely as a military frontier and not as a political frontier.

Apparently, Foch seriously contemplated refusing to attend the plenary session of the Versailles Conference on May 6, when the Allied Powers handed Germany's representative the Treaty, in order thus to express his disapproval of its terms.

André Tardieu, in an interview in *Petit Journal*, denies Marshal Foch's statement that his appointment to the supreme command was due to Field Marshal Haig rather than to Clemenceau; and asserts that as far back as January, 1918, Clemenceau instructed him to persuade the American government to accept the principle of a unified army under Foch. The entire incident is mainly informing, as illustrating the strain which a great crisis placed upon the nerves of the men who were responsible for its issue.

A NEW WAR REVELATION

AN international sensation has been caused by the recent disclosure, by the speaker of the Norwegian Storting, that, in 1914-15, King Gustav of

Sweden tried to prevent Italy from taking up arms against Germany. It is not clear whether the Swedish cabinet knew of the King's action. At the time of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, the Swedish government endeavored to persuade Berlin to guarantee Sweden's title to the Aaland Islands, and even sent Swedish representatives to Brest in order to press this claim. These revelations, coming as they do immediately after the defeat of Branting's pro-Entente Cabinet, illustrate the division of sentiment between Norway and Denmark on the one side, and Sweden on the other, with reference to the war and its issues.

SCANDINAVIAN WORKINGMEN IN RUSSIA

LAST summer, a delegation consisting of two Norwegian and six Swedish labor representatives visited Russia, partly in order to ascertain the opportunities which that country offers Scandinavian workingmen. The members did not keep together during their stay in Russia, and they brought back conflicting reports from that country, which have been the subject of a somewhat acrimonious controversy among Socialist factions in Norway and Sweden, and between different members of the delegation itself. Delegates favorable to the Bolsheviks lay much stress upon the alleged systematic destruction of Russian factories and machinery by Kolchak, Denikin, and Yudenich. Engineer Haavard Langseth says:

Kolchak, after his retreat to the East, with the assistance of lists of names given him by reactionary employers, murdered all skilled workers of Bolshevik sympathies, and systematically destroyed factories, or carried away important machine parts and tools. Denikin systematically extirpated all class-conscious laborers and flooded the mines of South Russia.

Replying to this, another member of the delegation mentions a factory at

Saltoust, where 850 pieces of machinery were standing unused and deteriorating with rust and neglect. 'These machines had been left unattended for a year, and still no skilled people were required to clean them and keep them from deteriorating.' The general effect of the commission's visit to Russia was not to encourage the migration of skilled Swedish labor to that country.

A PROTEST FROM THE 'NATION'

AN article by Professor Albert Schinz entitled, 'The American Press,' which we printed in our issue of October 30, has brought us a letter of vigorous protest from Oswald Garrison Villard, the editor of the *Nation*, in which he states that he never concealed his real sympathies during the war and that Professor Schinz 'was careful not to mention that I was the author of the first book written by any American after the outbreak of the war taking the sharpest possible stand against Germany.' He adds further:

I cannot pass over his statement that I went to Europe on a passport 'which could not well be refused without appearing to muzzle the press.' My passport was handed to me by Frank Polk in person, who was very cordial, saying that the government wished me to go. My passport was put through in record time and everything done to facilitate my going. Again, when I left Paris, Secretary Lansing said to me that if anybody was interested in the United States I might say to him that I had 'rendered services of great value to the Peace Commission.' If I had been the kind of man that Schinz represents me to be I would not have been handed from official to official and from newspaperman to newspaperman for six days after my return from Germany; my dispatches from Germany to Colonel House would not have been read by him to the Supreme Economic Council as the final effort for the lifting of the blockade against Germany, and Lloyd George would not have been requested to ask me to breakfast, which he did, giving me an hour and a half of his time, after which he said to Lamont, to House, to Lansing, and to others, severally and separately, that he had had a most valuable morning with me and that I had had a most thrilling story to relate.

In the third place, Mr. Villard takes issue with Professor Schinz's statement that 'the government understands the case. When the *Nation* gets too bad it suppresses some of its issues,' to which he replies:

No issue of the *Nation* has ever been suppressed. One was held up by Burleson, and promptly released by Mr. Wilson himself when the matter was brought to the attention of the White House. The offense of the *Nation* was not the pro-Germanism which Schinz alleges we held, but the simple fact that we printed an article criticizing Samuel Gompers.

MINOR NOTES

ACCORDING to the London *Economist*, British manufacturers are alarmed over German exports to that country. However, the president of the Board of Trade recently informed the House of Commons that the total imports of manufactured goods from Germany for 1920 would probably amount to about 25,000,000 pounds sterling, or less than half the value recorded in 1913. Considering the enormous rise in prices since the former date, this competition is not to be taken seriously. The largest values in the list of English imports from Germany were represented by commercial motor-cars, of which over 5000 were brought into the country valued in excess of \$7,000,000, and coal-tar dyes which were valued at nearly that sum. Wool tops, silks, and toys also rank relatively high in the list of imported articles.

THE French General Confederation of Labor refused to ally itself with the

Moscow International, but it joined the Amsterdam International Trade Union Alliance. The latter organization forbids its members to manufacture arms or to transport munitions to be used against Russia. This situation causes Senator Brangier, one of the editors of *La Force Française*, the journal representing French business interests (which has recently suspended publication), to commend highly Mr. Gompers for terminating the connection of the American Federation of Labor with the Amsterdam Alliance.

ACCORDING to a report by the Belgian Minister of Industry, factories engaged in the manufacture of paper, glass, and earthenware, and the mining and metallurgical industries, were all employing more hands on June 15, 1920, than they did at the time of the census of 1910.

AN illustration of the undeveloped resources at our door is contained in a book by Mrs. Cecil Clementi upon British Guiana, which has just appeared in London. The present output of cane sugar from that province varies between 100,000 and 150,000 tons. Competent authorities estimate that the mud flats of the colony alone can produce more than 2,000,000 tons, or enough to supply the entire pre-war consumption of the United Kingdom. Of course, such an immediate expansion is impossible for lack of labor.

[*L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris Liberal Foreign Affairs Weekly), October 31]
THE AMERICAN CAMPAIGN AGAINST FRANCE

BY LOUIS AUBERT

[M. Louis Aubert was for two years, during the war, director of the French Mission at Washington and later was one of the experts employed by his government at the Peace Conference. In support of Mr. Frankfurter's contention, it should be borne in mind that France is reported to have 827,000 men still under arms, or a far larger number than was assumed to be required for defensive purposes when Germany's military power was still intact; but this, again, is likely to be temporary.]

AN American publication, the *New Republic*, publishes in its issue of October 6, an article signed by Mr. Felix Frankfurter entitled, 'French Policy and the Peace,' which deserves notice and comment.

This is not because the author presents a new idea. His thesis is briefly this: peace depends on France alone; let that country cease to promote war in Europe; let it agree to fix immediately the amount of the German indemnity; let it devote itself first and foremost to its domestic problems and cease to interest itself in foreign adventures. Then the world will speedily become reconciled and will recover.

Thanks to a little group of Anglo-Saxon journalists, we are already quite familiar with this picture of France as a scapegoat; but the author's position gives this particular article exceptional interest. During the war, Mr. Frankfurter was an important adviser of the American government in questions relating to labor. He is a law professor at Harvard University and passes for an influential person among American intellectuals of radical sympathies. He is very closely associated with Justice Brandeis, and his prominence in the Zionist movement brought him to our country during the war on

confidential missions, which, if we are to take the word of the *New Republic*, 'have familiarized him with the situation in Europe.'

The opinion of such a man merits our attention, in particular because it permits us to confirm a fact too little recognized by many people in France, where we are too prone to employ the present argument of Ireland and the old argument of freedom of the seas to prove that England and America are at heart opposed to each other; this fact is the powerful influence which the British radical press exercises upon the American press in all discussions relating to Europe.

Last of all, Mr. Frankfurter's article does not seem to me the expression of a purely personal and temperamentally biased conception of conditions in France and Europe; but rather a hard, mechanical, so to speak standardized interpretation of those facts; a sort of second-hand simplification of them which has the merit of unusual clarity. He certainly would not have ventured to have made such trenchant assertions regarding questions so complex and remote if he had not had predecessors. What have appeared elsewhere as more or less general and elastic views, are announced by him in

the form of peremptory theses; and this enables us to save time in dealing with them.

Mr. Frankfurter starts out by saying that there are two centres of disorder in the world: Moscow and Paris. Moreover, Paris is mainly responsible for Moscow. He asserts:

Nothing will so hasten the appeasement of Europe or bring about the coöperation of all its peoples . . . as the deflation of French imperialism and French chauvinism. Such is the predominant opinion of responsible thinkers and statesmen outside of France.

Is it true, then, that France has become such an incubus on Europe, and that it pulls the wires for every untoward event which occurs on the continent? France alone holds the stage in Mr. Frankfurter's sombre sketch. Its Allied and associated governments never appear even in the background. But in one corner of the scene lies shuddering, moaning Germany, passively exposed to our blows. I do not exaggerate in the least. He says that if a craving for revenge and a spirit of civil dissension exist beyond the Rhine, this is because France threatens to seize the Ruhr. But was not this a joint threat made by all the Allies at the Spa conference? Doubtless our flag was insulted at the embassy in Berlin, our consulate at Breslau was pillaged; but first of all, why has France been so lacking in political tact as to notice these incidents? More than that, why has she 'exploited them' in the press? Furthermore, are they not fully explained by French policy in the Saar valley and upper Silesia? In the same way, had it not been for France, there would have been no war between Russia and Poland.

In truth, it is interesting to read Mr. Frankfurter. We seem to be living in a chaotic era of intense international action and reaction, where what seems itself to be a cause in one case

and in one country, is proved by investigation to be only the result of causes operating on the other side of the globe. We might fancy ourselves sight-seers viewing the mysterious effects of that formidable, collective phenomenon, the late war, with Mr. Frankfurter as a guide, explaining everything along the route, calling our attention to each significant perspective, and illuminating his discourse with the great central truth, that France is the sole country responsible for all that has occurred in Europe, which otherwise would now be completely restored and happy! I honestly believe that no Frenchman can recover from his bewilderment at such an astounding opinion, unless he can recall those legendary chroniclers of the Second Empire, who, ruling on the boulevards in the heart of Paris, fancied they were ruling the world. But the latter are all dead, and since their day the bitter school of experience has taught us a better understanding of true proportions.

Since I shall not undertake to discuss in detail all the statements made by Mr. Frankfurter, let me say at the outset that, so far as I am able to understand the motives of our diplomacy, I am personally far from approving everything my government has done during the past ten months. I regret, for example, that we were not as vigorous in dissuading Poland from its campaign against Kieff, as we were in September, 1918, when Clemenceau vetoed the campaign to capture Moscow proposed to the Supreme Council, and more recently when France joined England in disapproving the occupation of Vilna.

Having said this, let me come back to Mr. Frankfurter's general argument. In case events should ever suggest to him the wisdom of revising his idea of France as the chief wire-puller

for Europe, I would suggest that he bear in mind two facts. The first is: that Europe's war-emancipated nations, unable to obtain at the first stroke political frontiers coinciding with ethnographic, historical, economic, and strategic boundaries of which they have dreamed for generations; need no encouragement or authorization from France to agitate their claims, to make violent demands, and at times to seize territories before France and its Allies can prevent it. It is true that Mr. Frankfurter, following the steps of several well-known Englishmen, doubtless considers the whole idea of nationality an artificial sentiment cultivated by France; and he probably fancies that Central Europe might have been and should have been reorganized officially and authoritatively by the Allied and associated governments with a sole view to economic objects. If such is the case, and whether it is or not, I would advise him to read an excellent book of two of his colleagues at Harvard, Professors Haskins and Lord, entitled *Some Problems of the Peace Conference*. He would learn from these historians how the experts at the Conference were forced to humor facts, and what a hard thing the powerful sense of nationality of the recently liberated nations was to deal with—whether France approved or not. The second fact which it would be well for him to bear in mind is this: that he should not seek so solicitously to make the sentiments, spontaneous acts, and suggestions of France during the past ten months—for which 'fear and force appear to be the motives'—the primary cause of all the world's discomfort. Its causes may be very complex; and among them are possibly included Mr. Frankfurter and his friends, who have followed a course of obstruction and criticism at home,

and after having been the most enthusiastic apostles of Wilsonism have become its bitterest opponents. Let me enumerate a few of these possible causes: America's refusal to endorse the covenant and the consequent weakening of the League of Nations; America's refusal to ratify the Treaty guaranteeing France security in case of German aggression, and thereby annulling the conditional agreement made by England to defend France; the delay in promulgating the Treaty while waiting for America to act, and the consequent irritation of national sentiment in every country where the enforcement of its terms was awaited with suspense; the revival of the spirit of German nationalism; the obstacles placed in the way of a popular vote where territorial changes were to occur and the consequent opportunity for protracted propaganda by interested nations; America's failure to send troops to share in the occupation of such territories; and finally England's and Italy's limiting their contingents to a minimum, thus leaving to France the ungrateful and costly rôle of gendarme.

Those are some causes of our present world distress which are not imputable to France. Quite the contrary. Their effects have so hampered our own policy as to make some of its features incomprehensible, unless one bears in mind our deep disillusionment in our Allies, and the fact that France remains an immediate neighbor and the principal creditor of a nation which believes it just missed mastering the world and which knows how to seize every evidence of disunion among its recent enemies to lighten its task of reparation. France is oppressed by a feeling of solitude, a feeling that its Allies and associates are indifferent to its interests, and that every government is too preoccupied with its own affairs to attend to the affairs of

others, especially if the latter are likely to become a burden. My people still recall mournfully the spirit of common brotherhood, which, in certain crises of the war, made us feel as though the whole world was springing to our rescue for its common safety.

I admit that we are not the only ones who think we have reason to complain of our associates. Dissatisfaction is in the air. But why, then, does Mr. Frankfurter try to shoulder us with all the misconduct in the world; why does he denounce our distrust as a monstrous offense, and single out our chauvinism and imperialism? Why should the French army alone menace the peace of the world, and the English fleet and rapidly growing American fleet be so harmless?

Mr. Frankfurter observes quite truly that the 60,000,000 Germans will always be more numerous than the 40,000,000 Frenchmen. He reasons from that that France ought to rely entirely upon a real League of Nations. Agreed. If every signatory power to the Treaty and the Covenant had entrusted its fortunes to the League of Nations as fully as France has, first by assigning to it two functions which concern directly our national welfare—I mean control of the Saar and supervision of German disarmament—and second by urging that the League be given sufficient forces to make its authority respected, Mr. Frankfurter and his friends would not now be merely speculating on the abstract nature of a League of Nations—as yet a panacea so vague that they cannot give it a precise definition. It is true that the League, as constituted by the Covenant, would have been defective even with American support; but at least it would have been a vigorous institution, bearing within itself the germs of its own reform.

While Mr. Frankfurter overdraws the political influence of France, he exaggerates our financial weakness. According to him, France is delaying fixing the German indemnity because our Minister of Finance 'will not face the truth that it is not through German money that France must repair her finances.' And he adds that France has failed 'to tap her resources. The meagreness of her taxes upon wealth compared with American and English taxing measures is notorious.' I fear that Mr. Frankfurter's information is out of date. Probably he has not learned that the ordinary budget of France, which embraces all normal expenses of the nation including charges upon the public debt, and which has risen from five billions to more than twenty billions since the beginning of the war, is provided for entirely by taxes; that more than half of this sum is obtained by taxes upon capital, luxuries, places of entertainment, and incomes; and that the income tax rises to 50 per cent of an individual's receipts. Admitted that this is not the 70 per cent paid by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, it is not a bad beginning for a country whose resources are not intact, like those of England and the United States, where there are relatively fewer people who own vast fortunes, and where an income tax is being levied for the first time. Likewise, when Mr. Frankfurter asserts that 'through impossible reparation and foreign enterprises French statesmen seek to obtain what only rigorous demand upon her own wealth can accomplish,' apparently he does not know that this is only what is promised us by the treaty—by a treaty signed not only by Germany, but also by the Allies and associates of France; that it is not the demagogues of our own country who told our people that they need pay nothing out of

their pockets for repairing the damages caused by the Germans and by the Allied armies fighting on our soil. Apparently he does not know, either, that, while waiting for Germany to make its payments, France had already up to the twenty-fifth of last June advanced more than twenty billions of francs for reconstruction work in its liberated territories which could not be postponed, and that sixteen and a half billion francs are set apart for this purpose in our budget for the coming year. If necessary, let Mr. Frankfurter consult on these matters an American whose authority he certainly cannot dispute. Mr. Otto Kahn, after a recent journey of inspection in France, voluntarily wrote the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire* saying:

France has now voted the taxes necessary to make its budget balance, and has employed measures better than our own for raising them. It goes without saying that this does not include the expenditures needed to reconstruct the devastated regions, which ought not and cannot be supplied by taxation.

In general, Mr. Frankfurter exaggerates systematically France's financial difficulties, and does so because he considers this element of weakness the salvation of humanity. He reasons that our financial feebleness can be used to force us to follow a different political policy. The notes which the Washington State Department have sent to our Foreign Office have been fruitless. 'Through the war, the idealism of Wilson was a power. Since Versailles, French and European diplomacy in general has become indifferent to an idealism that consists merely of ignorant ideology.' The only way to deflate French chauvinism is to appeal to Wall Street. 'At the moment, a note addressed to the Quai d'Orsay signed "Morgan" is profoundly more potent than a note signed "Colby."'

Let us leave Morgan out. He has just organized a syndicate which has loaned \$100,000,000 to France, and the Quai d'Orsay has made him a commander of the Legion of Honor. So their relations are all right. However, Morgan is to Mr. Frankfurter merely a symbol of the financial power of the United States, which he urges should starve us into restoring universal peace. What a dire extremity it must be, which induces a radical like Mr. Frankfurter to appeal to Wall Street! But since 'the best friends of France,' like Mr. Frankfurter, have exhausted all devices for touching our heart, is it not natural that they should try to reach us through our purse? I fancy that this time Mr. Frankfurter may be heard. It is a bold scheme, this of using the enormous financial power of the United States — won in no small part through the war — to make France toe a line drawn by a little group of American theorists. But is it practical? In the only instance where Mr. Frankfurter endeavors to adopt *realpolitik* after the fashion of French statesmen, I fear his Utopia may make him famous.

We learned before the war, during the presidency of Mr. Taft, what the Americans themselves call 'dollar diplomacy.' We seem to recall that it proved a fiasco alike in the Orient, in Central America, and in South America. Indeed, time has not yet effaced the indignation it aroused among the Yellow and the Latin nations. The *New Republic* has always rated it one of President Wilson's greatest merits that he repudiated that policy, particularly in Mexico. Does Mr. Frankfurter really believe that dollar diplomacy would be more successful in France? During the last months of 1916, I personally saw Wall Street convinced that America had nothing more to gain from supplying

munitions to the belligerent powers, and that it had much to lose if it allowed the Allies to push up the cost of living in America by stripping it of its iron, copper, and cereals. I saw Wall Street lending ready ear to the counsel of the Federal Reserve Board, advising it to cease giving credit to foreign countries, and to liquidate the war by forcing the Allies to accept peace without victory. Does America, by which I mean the real American people, regret that Germany's provocation forestalled such a 'dollar diplomacy?' I need only recall the alacrity with which the nation saw the real issue and thundered, 'No.' It was as though the whole people felt it a relief to breathe freely in view of the whole world, after its long confinement in neutrality.

For the rest, what ultimatum could Wall Street send France which would compel it to 'correct its policy.' All that France owes Wall Street is some loans made during the period of neutrality. Part of those have already been paid; others have been renewed. These sums are a bagatelle compared with its debts to the American treasury, debts in which Wall Street has no part.

The treasury represents the American people, and until it speaks, we shall draw the same distinction between their ideas and Mr. Frankfurter's idea which he draws between the real sentiments of the French people and what their rulers make them seem to wish. Moreover, Mr. Frankfurter does not appeal to the American people, but to a little group of financiers, to safeguard the peace of Europe by pulling their purse strings tight and sending their bailiffs to France. Such a plan is, indeed, easier to try — I do not say to carry out — through a small group than through a great nation. There may be some financial

men in Wall Street whose interest in raising the value of the mark, or in getting control of some great enterprise in Central Europe, might incline them to lend an ear when a man like Mr. Frankfurter tells them with confidence: here is the cause of the trouble in Europe, and there is the remedy. But in reality, all that Wall Street does is to control commercial credits. If America wishes to sell its cotton, copper, or grain, it must give credit. Only a few days ago, the United States Bankers' Association decided to establish a fund of \$100,000,000 to provide credits for foreign buyers and encourage American exports. The latter have been declining rapidly on account of falling exchange abroad. For the sake of argument, let us adopt the absurd hypothesis that France is deprived absolutely of commercial credit, so that it can buy nothing in America. That would be equivalent to a blockade — a method of warfare which Mr. Frankfurter and his friends have loudly protested against as immoral. But even in this case, France could buy from all the rest of the world. Clearly, this suggestion, so heartless that Mr. Frankfurter has naturally hesitated to recommend it, is quite impracticable.

With regard to reparations, 'France is the obstacle in the road which leads to peace,' because she obstinately refuses to fix immediately once for all a definite sum for Germany to pay.

This matter of reparations interests the man in the street in France more than any other political question. When he talks, he sees the problem simply in broad outlines, but he believes he sees it clearly. Let us imitate him. For him it is a problem of three factors of which Mr. Frankfurter and men of his mind refuse to see but two.

France has signed a treaty, which binds its Allies and their common

enemy. All the clauses of the Treaty must stand or fall together, because they are the outcome of compromise. This treaty guarantees France reimbursement for the devastation it suffered during the war. That is the first factor in the problem.

Now here is the second: after the Treaty was signed, many voices were raised in England and America calling attention to the fact that the reparation clauses, which are of the most direct and vital interests to France, will be difficult to execute; and many people volunteered the advice: 'This is in your own interest. In order to get anything, hasten to cut down your claims. Don't fear to be too generous.'

But are the friends who would persuade France to make this sacrifice ready to share the loss it would thus incur, and to assure it priority of reparation? Unless we have some guaranty on these points, where are we going to stop? We lose sight of the fact that the damage to be made good is a fixed amount, which we can define with very great exactness; but that Germany's capacity to pay varies with every real and pretended vicissitude in that country, and may call for indefinite additional concessions in the future.

On the other hand, France is urged to sacrifice part of its claims against Germany by friends who insist on collecting the last cent due them from France. Keynes, who started the campaign for revising the Treaty, based his argument in favor of concessions to Germany upon the cancellation of all existing debts between the Allies. How was this suggestion received? In England they said: Perhaps, but only if America starts the ball rolling. In America, disciples of Mr. Keynes accepted the first part of his proposal with enthusiasm, but would have nothing to do with the

second part. They would not even submit the question to American taxpayers. They took it upon themselves to refuse in the name of the latter. But since Northern and Eastern France must be reconstructed in the interest of all the world, there is no escaping the alternative of levying the cost upon some other taxpayer if the German taxpayer cannot meet it.

Mr. Frankfurter urges France to cancel part of its claims against Germany, at the same time leaving us to infer from his silence on that topic that she ought to pay her debts to America and England in full. It is said to be physically impossible for Germany to pay the Allies 10,000,000,000 marks in gold in thirty years. But will it not be equally impossible for France and its Allies to pay more than \$12,000,000,000 in gold including \$10,000,000,000 owed the American treasury and \$2,000,000,000 owed in the open market, plus 1,800,000,000 pounds sterling which they owe England? Then add the fact that we and our debtor Allies must pay twice or three times this nominal sum, or a total of 270,000,000,000 francs, on account of unfavorable exchange. Facing this burden, we are asked to reduce our claims against Germany!

Talking of the economic solidarity of Europe, what advantage is there in alleviating Germany's situation if it involves ruining France? We are told that we must appease the wrath of Germany as quickly as possible so as to have a general reconciliation. Why don't people also take into account the wrath that wells up in the heart of every Frenchman when he hears this question of reparation discussed without including the third factor in the problem. That factor might be defined thus: if it should turn out that the claims established against Germany in the Treaty must be scaled

down, all other credits and debts incurred in the course of the war must be scaled down simultaneously and proportionally, and the balance of those claims must be guaranteed by equal securities.

France cannot possibly accept all this well meant advice to be generous at its own sole expense, tendered by friends who have no extraordinary advance to make in their own budgets against a precarious reparation claim, by friends whose money is rising in value daily and whose international commerce proclaims them the favorites of fortune, by friends like the Americans whose balance of trade has poured a river of war-begotten gold into their laps, or by friends like the English who can sell their coal at exorbitant prices and use the earnings of their shipping to keep their commercial balance favorable. We cannot accept such advice because we feel that our good counsellors' proposals overlook one factor in the problem, and a factor without which it cannot be justly solved.

This is the way the man in the street in France looks at it, you may be sure of that. Mr. Frankfurter should not deceive himself. He can find in the French newspapers many reasons urged in favor of revising the treaty, but he will not find one Frenchman in a thousand who will tell him that it is just for France, after all its sacrifice of blood, to be asked to play the disinterested party and to play that rôle all alone. We formerly found the most ardent advocates of inter-allied financial solidarity among the enemies of the Treaty and of imperialism. To-day we are not discussing pooling the expenses of the war. We are discussing reparations, where the obligation to render mutual support in financial

matters is much more easily admitted. Now no proposal has yet been made to France which seems to indicate that the friends who suggest it contemplate compensating us in any way for the new sacrifices which they ask of us. The whole misunderstanding centres precisely there.

I permit myself to make the following suggestions to Mr. Frankfurter and to his friends, who are so sincerely desirous of promoting peace among nations, and who are so surprised at finding France deaf to their persuasion:

1. That they drop their altogether too naïve idea that France is the great central distributing station for military power and chauvinist energy in Europe. That idea betrays utter ignorance of the complexity of Europe and its problem of nationality. Furthermore, it completely overlooks the existence of that community of world interest, which makes the caprices of American politics a source of trial and suffering for Europe.

2. If they want to win over France and Europe to the programme of international coöperation of which they dream, they ought not to start out by cultivating distrust in their own country toward Europe and France.

3. The more fully persuaded they are that it will take great charity and great generosity to restore the world to health, the more speedily should they renounce the illusion that everything depends upon the generosity of France alone. It is rather to America that we must look for the first step in generosity, because the war has made that country the creditor of all and the debtor of none. Mr. Frankfurter and his friends should be ready to look the logical consequences of a fair and equitable policy frankly in the face.

[*Le Temps* (Paris Semi-Official Conservative Daily), October 30, November 3]

GERMANY JUST NOW

BY JEAN HERBETTE

[The following article by the special correspondent of the semi-official *Temps* has attracted much attention. The liberal *Frankfurter Zeitung* refers to it as the fairest statement of German conditions and the reparation problem which has yet appeared in France.]

WHEN the limited train which I boarded at Chemnitz reached Bresden not a half a minute late, I fancy I was the only one to admire its punctuality. The other travelers had already forgotten the fearful demoralization of the German railways a year ago, and took it as a matter of course that the train should arrive promptly to the moment. They pressed toward the station exit, which is crowned by a lofty figure of a new locomotive, with rapid, energetic steps. Walking in their company, I felt myself back in the days before the war, and said as I said then: 'Germany is busy.'

Wherever you move about in this country, you receive the same impression. In the cities the show-window displays are even luxurious. People are well-dressed, and they are not loitering in spite of the seductive, sunny autumn weather. If you talk with that Saxon mechanic, who works his shift in a machine shop, or with that Berlin artisan, who has established a little place of his own in a basement in Grenadierstrasse, each will complain of not having as much work as he wants. The former will tell you the factory lacks orders. The latter will say he has not enough capital to take all the commissions his clients press upon him. In the country, the aspect is the same. You see nothing

but well-tilled fields, well-kept houses, well-managed forests. Apparently the eight-hour day is unpopular with rural employers. A German of my acquaintance recently took up his residence on a little farm which he had just purchased. The regular hands had spent a whole week getting him settled, laboring from dawn till sunset. Saturday evening he said to the peasants: 'We will take a rest to-morrow.' 'The early morning is the best time for work,' replied his foreman laconically; and Sunday everyone was again hard at it by daybreak. The Germans certainly are a people easy to manage.

It was the imperial government which led this nation into war. The typical traits of the German — his industry, precision, discipline — made the army a faultless instrument of destruction. In seeing the same qualities appear again unimpaired, rising above the froth and foam of revolution, you ask involuntarily if the danger of war will not recur. Some Germans pretend that is the case. One of them, a Tory in his sympathies, recently remarked to a French officer: 'If there were only one Frenchman and one German in the world, they would fight each other. My countrymen seem pacific because they are still underfed. Their fighting spirit will come back as soon as they again have plenty of meat.'

However, the human race has passed the stage where a well-fed tribe was practically certain to assault a neighboring tribe. War is no longer fought with fists and teeth. It requires a vast engineering mechanism which cannot be created in a moment. Does Germany still possess the latter? Or is it really disarmed? That is a question I addressed to our best-informed Allied representatives, whose names I need not mention.

Coming first to the main question, that of artillery, German disarmament is proceeding satisfactorily. The number of cannon delivered is about 28,000 and 24,000 of these have already been destroyed. The delivery of pioneer material and engineering trains is also according to programme. On the other hand, Germany is much behind in surrendering rifles and machine guns. It is hoped that the process of disarming the civilian population now under way will facilitate these deliveries. Let me observe in this connection, that the disarmament of civilians ought to apply equally to all classes of the population and to all sections of the country. There is no authority for making exceptions in favor of any particular reactionary organization in Bavaria or elsewhere. This policy of strict impartiality is being enforced by the interallied military authorities.

Need I add that the disarmament of the German navy has proceeded in an exceptionally vigorous manner? That is a matter in which England is interested; and we know England does things thoroughly. It has demonstrated this anew in the matter of the Diesel motors, in which it took the initiative and in which British officers are more insistent than their French colleagues. Some German newspapers seized the opportunity to abuse France for this, but they were utterly in the wrong. I do not know from what

source they received their inspiration; I merely have heard a rumor that a delegation of German workingmen sent to protest to certain British officers against the precipitate destruction of Diesel motors, and to represent that the workers employed in factories driven by such motors would lose their employment, received an answer indicating that England would willingly consent to have them spared, but that France would probably object. This is not the first time, unfortunately, when our country has been made responsible for acts in which it took no share.

But let us pass over these incidents. In the question of disarmament it is the general result that counts; and apparently the result is assured. The best informed Allied officials assert that Germany cannot start a great war again for many years, merely from lack of equipment. Let me add to this, that the prestige of the army has sunk incredibly in the country beyond the Rhine. To be sure, associations of ex-officers are being formed and reorganized. I know a young reserve lieutenant, cruelly wounded during the war, who takes his modest breakfast in the morning in a tunic adorned with military decorations — although he would not wear those decorations in public. If the German people should be seized with the notion of going to war again, they would evidently find plenty of trained men to lead them. But these officers, except in Bavaria, where they have a strong organization, and probably also in the Eastern districts of Prussia, form at present only isolated groups, which have no coherence or importance. The masses of the working people suffered too much during the war, either in active service or through privations at home, to have anything but detestation for the military system which gave them nothing

but untold suffering and disaster in payment for all their sacrifice. It is no exaggeration to say that the Germans of the industrial districts are utterly averse to militarism. So Germany has neither the physical means nor the public spirit to undertake an important war. It can only start little campaigns, when some occasion offers, on its Eastern or Southeastern frontier; but it knows that the neighboring nations in that quarter could speedily stop such efforts. In short, the peace of Europe depends only upon the Allies.

So the situation appears reassuring. Germany is at work. The Germany of to-day does not endanger peace. What more could we ask? Indeed, many a traveler makes no further inquiry. A neutral diplomat, who has resided in Berlin for a long period, said to me: 'The gentlemen who come here generally leave filled with optimism. Consequently, my reports, which are much less reassuring, are a source of constant surprise to my government. But I must state facts as they are, and the facts are not rosy.'

'Certainly not,' I replied, thinking of a multitude of incidents and conditions thrust upon my notice during my several weeks in Germany.

Two classes in Germany are in very real distress. These are the city middle classes and the wage earners. The farmers, whether landlords or peasants, are quite well off; for which the country has reason to congratulate itself.

As we all know, the middle classes are in distress because their incomes have remained about stationary, while the cost of living and taxes have increased enormously. Except for the newly rich, who have exceptional opportunities for concealing their wealth and have spirited much of it away to foreign countries, the larger taxpayers are subject to present or prospective

burdens which, until recently, would seem incredible. A great manufacturer figured out for me that the estate of one of his partners, valued at about 60,000,000 marks, would be reduced to 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 marks by the time it reached his only heir, an adopted daughter. That is quite a fortune, to be sure; but is entirely inadequate to keep in operation the great industrial undertaking which the deceased created. Men living on their income, with an estate of 1,000,000 marks, have only 20,000 marks left after paying taxes. This is about the minimum sum now needed to maintain a prosperous workingman having a small family, and living in a modest flat. Government officials and teachers are rapidly being pauperized, if they have not already reached that condition.

Salaries have been increased, but the cost of living rises far more rapidly. Moreover, many of the lower middle class spent all their savings in the course of the war, buying enough food to keep body and soul together. I could quote numerous instances where scholars have sold their libraries, well-to-do families have sold their furniture, parents have given up sending their son to college, because they have not money enough to live on. I recently spent an evening with an official of high rank who has had an eminent career in one of the principal German states, a man of rare ability, who was obviously underfed. So there are in Germany many people of the class whose education and family traditions made them the moral backbone of the nation, whose life has become a daily battle with want. Most of these people conceal their distress from the outer world; but despair is gnawing at their hearts and one thought obsesses their minds: whence will come deliverance?

Workingmen with large families are also suffering cruelly. This does not apply solely to the unemployed, of whom there are some 400,000 to-day in Germany. What characterizes the present crisis is the fact that even a worker constantly employed at good wages cannot feed and clothe his family properly. In Saxony and in Berlin I have visited homes where the father earned 200 to 250 marks a week. If he had five or six mouths to feed, his case was hopeless. A minimum of 80 marks a week is needed to buy bread, fat, and potatoes enough merely to stave off starvation. Rent, light, and fuel will take most of the rest. How can a man clothe his family? A shoddy suit of clothes costs 1500 marks. A cheap pair of shoes costs 150 to 200 marks. Linen has become an unattainable luxury. The wife of a Saxon workingman said to me, as if it were the most natural thing in the world: 'It is eight years since I have bought a cotton or linen undergarment.' At Berlin, I have seen miserable little shacks occupied by honest, respectable families with an income of 1000 or 1200 marks a month. I made a trip through the northern suburbs of Berlin with two charity inspectors, and a German of the upper classes. We found in the homes of hard-working people, who were not applicants for help, people clothed in such miserable rags and with such squalid bedding that even my German companion could scarcely believe his eyes. There were children three or four years old whose mothers had to carry them wrapped in carpets and curtains if they went abroad, because they had no clothes to wear. However, there was little complaint. These people have become so accustomed to privation that it has ceased to be a subject of remark. Their main concern is to get something to eat.

Of course I do not wish to create the impression that all the people in the German towns are like this. There are workingmen's families where the wife and children are also earners, and this changes the situation greatly. Traders and dealers of every kind are fairly prosperous, because high prices are accompanied by still higher profits. There is a whole little army of *schieber*, or illegal traders, whose members frequent even the best hotels. But by far the greater number of the middle classes, of educated circles, and of manual working population, have a deficit in their family budget. Their labor does not support them, and the situation will be worse this winter.

Under such conditions, pernicious propaganda makes rapid headway. Reactionaries win ready converts among the middle classes, who live in constant terror of a popular uprising, and among men of education, who attribute their distress to the revolution. Bolshevist propaganda spreads almost without effort among the working classes, who believe that they have nothing left to lose. To be sure, the Hohenzollerns are still unpopular; and the trade unions are ranking up solidly against Bolshevist agitation in spite of the success which the Moscow agitators had at the Halle Congress. But the reactionary movement and the communist movement are one in their common hatred for France.

By preaching vengeance on France, some hope to restore a military government in Germany. By preaching hostility to France, others hope to serve the Bolshevist régime in Moscow, which will benefit by any conflict between bourgeois governments. Beyond question, propaganda of both kinds, that of the extreme Tories and that of the extreme Radicals, is still on the increase in Germany. These rally all the disaffected elements. We

must not shut our eyes to the fact that enmity to France is growing both in intensity and in depth.

Were this an inevitable evil, we would have but one remedy: to resign ourselves to continuing the war under another form, to employing such methods of defense or repression as were necessary, unhappy as that course would be after a long conflict which has left so many ruins to be repaired. But as I study the situation near at hand and on the ground, I am inclined to think that the campaign against us is not inevitable, and that it need not continue. The relations between France and Germany are not subject to an inflexible natural law, like the fall of a body or the explosion of a shell; they resemble vital phenomena capable of guidance and direction.

In discussing reparations with Germans of political intelligence and influence, one comes up against these two general ideas: Germany wants the amount it is to pay fixed as promptly as possible, and it wants to pay that amount mainly in commodities and wares. But it does not wish all the commodities and wares which it delivers to be set off against its debt. It wishes payment in pounds sterling or dollars for a portion of those deliveries. The object of this is to enable the German government to establish credits abroad to use for buying provisions and raw materials. These ideas are not new and it is hardly necessary to discuss them. The question of fixing the indemnity at once becomes relatively less important as we approach the first of May, 1921, which is the last date for determining that sum allowed by the Treaty. As to the methods of fixing it, the French government holds fast to the principles agreed upon at Spa. In regard to foreign credits, evidently we can arrive

at an understanding more speedily by having them run in favor of private firms or groups of private firms, instead of the national treasury. These should be the firms and associations which are commissioned to make the deliveries of commodities and wares in question, and the motive which makes a direct arrangement with them preferable is that we shall thus encourage them to increase their output.

However, there is something else to be considered first.

In traveling through Germany and studying business conditions there, one speedily discovers that it is neither logical nor tactful to debate the sum total of reparation. Such an argument inevitably ends in anger on both sides. Any figures which the Germans mention are sure to be way under what France expects. At the same time, when computed in paper marks, the Germans consider them extortionate and impossible. Any argument as to the amount of reparation which precedes a discussion of the methods by which the payments are to be made, is only playing with imaginary quantities. It is a useless and irritating piece of mental gymnastics.

So let us try to start at the beginning. First of all, we must fix a quantity which Germany can pay and will pay. It is clear that Germany is solvent so far as our claims against it are concerned precisely in proportion to the volume of its exports. It is when we try to determine that volume, that we fall into a vicious circle.

Last spring the mark rose. At once German exports almost ceased, because the price of its manufactures became too high for foreign buyers. The German government aggravated the difficulty by levying an excessive tax upon exports and by hampering commerce with official red tape. On the other hand, the Germans had bought

great quantities of raw material abroad when the mark was low and foreign orders for goods were flowing in abundantly. They paid a very high price for those materials when calculated in marks. When they tried to sell at home goods manufactured from these high priced raw materials, they could not find customers. Buyers canceled their contracts. Consumers simply could not pay the prices demanded. These are the substantial features of the business crisis which prevailed in Germany all last summer.

Many manufacturers hoped that the mark would fall again, so they could dispose of their stocks abroad. They were so anxious for this to happen that they interpreted the rise last spring as a stratagem of English and American exporters to kill their competition. Germans of long experience and wide knowledge in commercial matters honestly expressed this opinion to me. However that may be, the mark has again begun to fall. But this only excites fears of another kind.

Germany must purchase provisions abroad. The minimum of foreign bread, grains, forage, and meats required to feed the country until the middle of August next year will cost 1,500,000,-000 florins (\$60,000,000). The advances promised Germany at Spa are computed by the German government at about 200,000,000 florins. So we see that the country must guarantee payments abroad greatly in excess of these credits. If the mark should fall very low, the national treasury would be greatly embarrassed. Its difficulty is not merely to procure the florins, pounds, or dollars which it requires, by paying for them in a fearful depreciated currency. The government must first of all get its paper marks to spend. In order to get them, it may have to raise the price of bread, which already costs $4\frac{1}{2}$ marks for 1950

grammes; and would cost 15 marks if the government sold flour at the price it pays for it. Would it be safe to print more paper money? This has already been overdone, and only increases the cost of living. If either of the two alternatives is adopted, raising the price of food or inflating still more the currency, the workers will have to have higher wages. But in that case, German manufactures will cost more. The foreign market will shut down, exportation will stop, and Germany will become insolvent. So there you have the vicious circle.

Going into the question still more deeply, we find yet other difficulties. For instance, the higher prices go, the more the peasant receives for his crops. He makes the highest profit on his live stock. Bear in mind, too, that he can't get fertilizers. Add to this that he distrusts the over-redundant paper currency, but at the same time is unwilling to buy goods in town because they cost so much more than formerly. Consequently, in spite of tempting prices, he does not try to produce big crops. For all these reasons, the intensive agriculture which Germany has hitherto pursued, and which it must continue if it wants to feed its people, tends gradually to change into extensive agriculture. It is estimated that there are already 7,000,000 sheep in Germany; and this increase of grazing is regarded as a dangerous symptom.

These few suggestions will perhaps be enough to show how futile it is to discuss the payment which Germany is to make us without first discussing how we are to keep Germany solvent. There are many people who say that this question of German solvency is very simple. What they propose is in substance to let the situation grow worse.

If there is no work, if bread gets

scarcer and dearer, will not the Communists seize their opportunity? Will there not be revolts and revolutions? 'Let them come,' say the partisans of force. 'Troops will march from Southern Germany, and above all from Bavaria, to bring the Northern Bolsheviks to reason. We shall thus kill two birds with one stone. Victorious Bavaria will restore a federal government and back it up by a monarchy of its own. On the other hand, the defeated workers will be forced to accept lower wages and a longer working day so German manufacturers can export to their hearts' content. Behind this programme I suspect you will find General Ludendorff, who has taken up his residence at Munich and is the real head of the *Orgesch*, that bourgeois militia whose nominal chief is an honest forester named Escherich.

In a word, this is a proposal to rule by ruin. But even were that kind of success desirable, it would be far from sure. The powerful labor organizations of Northern, Central, and Western Germany would not tolerate a Ludendorff-Escherich régime, any more than they tolerated last March a Ludendorff-Luttwitz régime. I personally doubt whether Germany would agree to a Bavaria hegemony, or whether Bavaria is competent to exercise one. We Frenchmen, who want first of all a peaceful Germany, would probably have no reason to be pleased with a federation of the kind Bavarian reactionaries propose. I know all about the plan of separating Hanover from Prussia, and putting the English Duke of Cumberland on its throne. Some reactionary Prussians approve this plan, we are told, because they would like to have a little Prussian royalist reserve in Hanover, separated from the Socialist eastern Prussia of to-day. But all these schemes have that fanciful character

which the Germans describe as *Wolkenkuckukheim*. If Prussian officers ever restore reaction in Germany, they will make short work of Bavarian independence; and British princes in Hanover will discover only too soon that Bavarian federalism is but a rear view of Prussian militarism.

So we must find some way to insure Germany's solvency, and to make that country willing to pay its debts. This is not solely a political question, or a financial question, or a military question. It is a combination of all three. It is military in the sense that German disarmament and our allied armies still safeguard us against a mad war of revenge. It is a financial question in the sense that we shall not get anything until we break the vicious circle I described above. The only way to break that circle, unless I am mistaken, is to make some international arrangement which will enable Germany to reduce the price of staple food at home. To accomplish this demands not only credits, but also stern measures against profiteers. This is the only way to get the workingmen to produce without higher wages; to protect the middle classes and the intellectuals against mad and desperate measures; and to induce the peasants to produce more and to sell what they raise at lower prices.

Last of all it is also a political question. In order to settle reparation, we must deal with a German government. That government necessarily represents a certain policy at home. Averse as we may be to interfering with the private affairs of Germany, we must try to discover with whom we can deal most harmoniously and profitably. I am personally persuaded that the only parties with whom we can thus negotiate are the supporters of democracy and of a republican form of government.

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Anglophil Radical Liberal Daily), October 17]

DEBIT AND CREDIT

BY PROFESSOR M. J. BONN

[Professor M. J. Bonn, director of the Commercial University at Munich, has served as an expert in the negotiations between his country and the Allies. He is known in America, where he has taught as exchange professor, and during the war he was a frank advocate in Germany of President Wilson's policies.]

THE Brussels Conference has accomplished one good result; it has brought the international financial problem before the public mind in a way to cause its general discussion. It has not solved this problem, but merely tried to point a way toward its solution. Before we can go further, the question must again be discussed by the parties directly interested and finally adjusted at Geneva. That is the place for political action. Brussels was the place for academic debate and clarification. That was the purpose of the Brussels Conference.

But precisely the academic character of the Brussels meeting makes the conclusions which it arrived at of immense importance.

A number of reports and memoranda upon international finance and exchange had been published in anticipation of the meeting. Although they were prepared with great care, they suffered from the defects inseparable from such inquiries. Their authors were perfectly aware of this; but they believe, 'that it is easier to extract the truth from error than from confusion.'

So far as the presentation of Germany's financial condition is concerned, a number of unhappy circumstances produced a thrifty crop of both errors and ambiguities. The experts received the German data for their comparative exhibits from second hand sources. That material was already

out of date. The German budget which they discussed provided for an expenditure of only 52,000,000,000 marks, while the budget as finally presented to the German Parliament calls for 97,000,000,000 marks, including the deficit incurred by the railways and other national enterprises. Even after deducting the sums which must be provided by the federal states and the municipalities, our budget still stands at 88,000,000,000 marks. To this we must add, in all probability, 12,000,000,000 marks more, to pay the cost of the foreign troops maintained in the occupied territory. So we must look forward to a net expenditure by the Central government alone of 100,000,000,000 marks, or almost double the amount specified in the comparative statement of national finances submitted to the Brussels Conference; also double the annual expenditures of France, which were accurately stated there as something less than 49,000,000,000 marks.

It is quite comprehensible that French experts, assuming that Germany, with 60,000,000 inhabitants, was providing for public expenditures not appreciably larger than those of France, with 38,000,000 inhabitants, should be indignant at the idea that our taxes were so much lighter than their own. Feeling that Germany's public burden should not be less after the Peace Treaty than those of the most heavily taxed Allied country, the French have naturally reasoned that the difference between the financial burdens of Germany and those of their own country ought to afford a basis for estimating the war indemnity.

In one respect the French are perfectly right. Their public debt is larger than our own. Even if we estimate the net debt of France to its Allies at only the nominal sum of 33,000,000,000 francs, the total public

obligations of that country reach the equivalent of 234,000,000,000 francs, against 251,000,000,000 marks for Germany, after including in the latter the new loan which it is proposed to raise. Leaving out of account the public debts of our federal states, which amounted on the first of April to 34,000,000,000 marks, the per capita indebtedness is 6158 francs in France and 4183 marks in Germany. The situation is still more unfavorable from the French standpoint, because one seventh of its indebtedness is to other countries, while Germany owes practically nothing to foreigners. Unhappily, however, we are describing a mere temporary condition. Germany will have to incur new indebtedness almost as rapidly as it can sign bonds. We can fulfil our obligations under the Peace Treaty only by incurring new debts. And since Germany is obligated to deliver to the Allies before May 1 of next year, ships, cables, and other property to the value of 20,000,000,000 marks in gold, the effect is precisely the same as if we were called upon to pay a lump sum of 20,000,000,000 marks in gold bonds.

From the comparative financial statement which the expert statisticians prepared for the Brussels Conference, it would appear on the surface that France had drawn upon its financial resources much more heavily than had Germany. Taxes now amount to 416.8 francs per capita in that country, as compared with only 394.9 marks per capita in Germany. Since a mark is worth only one quarter of a franc, it follows that a Frenchman pays in taxes 416 francs, where a German pays only 100 francs.

These figures rest upon the incomplete data which I have mentioned above. The truth is that the German pays 471.8 marks to the federal government alone. We cannot now tell

exactly how large an amount he pays for state taxes, because the state budgets are not yet submitted. As nearly as we can estimate at present, the total per capita taxes in Germany are fairly comparable with the total per capita taxes in France, or are 628.7 marks instead of the 394.9 marks already indicated.

The Brussels Conference converted francs and marks into American dollars at the par of exchange, as a common denominator. According to this reckoning, the French are paying \$80.40 per capita, and Germans \$149.60 per capita. A comparison on such a basis is a mere statistical device which does not correspond to actual facts. Neither the French nor the Germans receive their incomes in dollars. Taxes estimated in dollars naturally vary with every fluctuation in exchange. Were the mark to fall as low as it did, for instance, the 1st of March, our taxes would decline correspondingly. Should it rise as high as in June, the taxes estimated on this basis would be considerably more than double what they were the former date. In other words, according to the statistical basis used at Brussels, whenever business conditions grow worse in Germany and the value of the mark falls, the burden of taxation lightens.

Furthermore, Germany now depends upon foreign countries for its food. It has to pay for imported provisions with gold dollars. The worse its exchange, the more it must pay for the same amount of food. A large case of condensed milk imported by the German Food Ministry this year cost upon an average of \$1,484.91. On March 4, this amounted to 148,490 marks, and on July 1, to only 58,280 marks. So these computations make the German taxpayer's burdens seem lowest just when he has to pay exceptionally high prices for imported

provisions on account of the falling value of the mark, and when consequently his surplus income, after purchasing the necessities of life, is at a minimum.

We get a much fairer idea of the burden of taxation by comparing taxes and incomes. But this is not possible with the data at hand. The Brussels Conference endeavored to do this by starting out with the familiar estimates of national incomes before the war. On this basis it asserted that the per capita income in France was then 960 francs, and in Germany 625 marks. These statistics were prepared by boastful nationalist boosters, who reveled at that period in making the best possible showing for their country. We Germans have repudiated these statistics time and again, but they keep coming back to trouble us.

The Brussels Conference assumed that after deducting certain losses, the present average per capita nominal income in France had risen, as a result of the depreciation in currency, to three and a half times the income before the war; and that the average per capita income in Germany had for the same reason risen to six and a quarter times its pre-war amount. This resulted in an estimated per capita income to-day of 3200 francs in France, and 3900 marks in Germany. The total revenues of the state were computed to be 574 francs a person in France, and 696 marks in Germany. This included other sources of national income besides taxes. Upon a basis of all these figures, it was then concluded that the government took for its use, in both countries, about 18 per cent of private incomes. Government expenditures were computed to be 1287 francs per capita in France, and 1632 marks per capita in Germany. France therefore requires to balance its expenditures 40 per cent of the private

income of its citizens, while Germany requires 42 per cent. Were we to follow the practice so popular in France of figuring marks into francs, then the Germans would have an income of 800 francs, and the French 3200 francs, and it is a well-known principle of taxation that to collect the same percentage of his receipts from a man with a large income, and from a man with a low income, is incomparably more burdensome for the poorer of the two parties.

We therefore see that if we employ correct original data, even the statistical method used at the Brussels Conference proves the tax burdens in Germany to be much heavier than they are generally believed to be by Frenchmen.

Other assumptions involved in the Brussels figures are in some respects too favorable to Germany. Prices in our country have risen more than tenfold in many places, particularly in the large cities. Incomes have not kept pace with this increase. For instance, federal civil servants are paid on an average only five and a quarter times as much as formerly. We cannot simply say that our budget of 100,000,000,000 marks to-day corresponds with a budget of 10,000,000,000 marks before the war, or three times what the budget actually was at that date, and then calmly assume that incomes have risen to correspond. A revolution in prices such as we are now experiencing, is not a simple product of multiplication, which can be applied offhand to every man's private earnings. It is a revolution in a strict sense of the word, overturning the very foundations of the ancient system. The shifting of values associated with inflation is the result of impoverishment; and although some individuals may grow richer this only makes the average citizen poorer.

The incomes of German taxpayers are received in marks. The amount of their taxes, including those paid to both the local and the central governments, are to-day heavier than those of the French. The purchasing power of the average German income in actual goods is one fourth that of the French. Since Germany will starve if it does not import provisions, every depreciation of its currency diminishes the surplus income of its taxpayers after they have provided for a mere existence.

Nevertheless, if the Allied proposals are confined merely to levying upon German taxpayers a reasonably heavier tax than citizens of the countries represented on the reparation commission pay, it will not be difficult to comply with the provisions of the Treaty.

[*Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna National Daily), October 19]

THE DUAL MONARCHY'S LAST HOUR

BY COUNT JULIUS ANDRASSY

[The following is an extract from Count Andrassy's recent book, *Diplomacy and the World War*, a review of which appeared in the *LIVING AGE* for November 22. It portrays a dramatic historical crisis, as seen by the Prime Minister of the government whose death hour it marked. In forming an opinion of the events here related, the reader should compare this account with an article by Michael Karoly in our issue of August 28.]

HISTORY's laws are relentlessly enforced. Victorious violence never stops half way. After one day's legal existence, Karoly's cabinet became a revolutionary government.

It will remain for me a tragic and uneffaceable memory, how I was summoned with extreme urgency to Schönbrunn by His Majesty that night, and how I could not find a conveyance to get there, and consequently arrived

late at the imperial country house. Before we turned out of *Mariahilferstrasse*, I met the Emperor's brother, Archduke Max, coming for me with an automobile in order to hasten my arrival. When I reached the imperial residence, the Emperor's attendants bade me hasten. I ran upstairs, and through an open door to the Emperor's office. That ruler was at the telephone and handed me the receiver. The Budapest government was demanding that he abdicate; if he did not, there would be bloodshed. He would be driven out and murdered; not only he, the King, but also Archduke Joseph and the cabinet. His Majesty quite properly would not consider abdication — would not give up the throne which he had sworn to defend, in face of a street revolution. The King of Hungary can only abdicate with the consent of the whole nation. Thereupon, the Budapest government asked him to absolve its members from their oath of allegiance. The game was already up. From the time the mob raised Karoly on its shoulders, the government's authority lay in the dust. Since there was no statesman and no party in Budapest which believed it still possible to defend order and law, and since the army deserted him, the King was helpless. Even a few days earlier, I realized that the only way to rescue the situation was by force of arms. But now the formation of a new royal ministry, or even an attempt to form one, would result in useless bloodshed. The only course left to His Majesty was to refrain for the time being from participation in government business. That course was not abdicating, was not accepting what had occurred and what might occur later; it merely meant that the King, in view of his inability to form a lawful cabinet able to maintain order, abstained from interfering in the course

of events and causing useless bloodshed until a better opportunity presented itself to claim his rights and to fulfill his obligations.

Rulers have been overthrown in the past on many occasions and in many manners; but there was no precedent for what now occurred at Schönbrunn. I was witnessing the first presentation of a historical plot, and I was humiliated that it should have a Hungarian author. I was convinced that a revolution could not take place in Hungary except to overthrow a ruler who violated his oath of office and defied the constitution. At least no exception to that rule had occurred in our former history. On this occasion, there was no such technical justification for a revolution. It was not necessary in order to get peace, for no man desired peace more ardently and sincerely than the King. There was no reason to fight over the personal union of the two monarchies, for this was settled and, furthermore, was an inescapable result and natural outcome of the situation. A democratic suffrage law was no longer an issue. It did not require a revolution, consequently, to give the disaffected elements control of the government. They were in complete possession of power without it.

This revolution was consequently only a crisis of hysteria and a manifestation of war neurosis. It succeeded, not because the revolutionary party was well organized or possessed military power or pursued a thought-out, carefully planned policy, but because society itself was a nervous wreck and all the stays of the old order failed. The people and classes which normally maintain the stability of the state saw no escape from the frightful situation in which the country was placed; they had no confidence in a favorable peace or in any measure of salvation. They were bereft of energy and power;

and shirked the fearful responsibility which goes with their possession for protecting the established order to the last. Since the best elements among the people despaired of saving the situation, they permitted themselves to be pushed from their positions of authority with a feeling of relief. A régime discredited and wrecked by the disastrous outcome of the war lacked confidence to resist men who based their claim to leadership upon their having foreseen the catastrophe and predicting the tragic outcome of the policy pursued by the predecessors.

The few days which I spent in charge of the Vienna Foreign Office were the most frightful experience of my political career. Every moment brought reports of new disasters. Croatia seceded; Bohemia proclaimed its independence; Pan-Germans and Socialists were contending for supremacy in Austria; law lost its authority; revolution grew stronger and bloodier from day to day; the streets were unsafe; the foreign office was guarded by police; advocates of a republic were winning new adherents.

In Hungary the government committed the folly of allowing the soldiers to disarm. In the midst of violent assaults and bloody massacres, our army received its death stroke in the back — from the Hungarian government. The fearful thought pressed ever like lead upon my brain, that the best men of our country were being murdered and assassinated without reason or purpose, in expiation for the sins of others, without my being able to rescue or to aid them.

Finally, we received the harsh armistice conditions. A Crown Council was held at night. The conditions were accepted. Our army leaders stated we could not offer further resistance. Every moment the fighting continued now might cost thousands and hun-

dreds of thousands of lives. Our fleeing army would find itself in desperate straits because it had but few lines of retreat. But when every second was priceless because it meant saving human lives, the new Austrian government operated at a snail's pace. The new authorities feared to take responsibility and, although eager to make peace, they were unwilling to incur the odium of accepting its conditions. That continued to cost time and blood. Reports reached us that Hungarian and Yugoslav sailors were fighting each other. The minister of the navy urged us to turn over our vessels to the South Slav government with a reservation respecting the rights of the other states, and that Hungary should take possession of the Danube monitors. With bleeding hearts we approved this proposal, for we hoped thus to preserve the vessels for the dynasty.

The tragic seriousness of our conferences was incessantly interrupted by noisy street demonstrations. Adler and Bauer, the German Austrian political plenipotentiaries for foreign affairs, demanded to have a say in our foreign office, and insisted upon inspecting our correspondence without assuming any responsibility, or mentioning the secession of Austria from the Dual Monarchy. On every hand, people kept urging me not to resign my office and to save what could be saved. Even men who were attacking me in public plead with me to do this in private.

I attempted, meantime, to follow up certain hopeful openings for negotiation via Switzerland. I sent thither one of the secretaries of the foreign office, followed by the former Austro-Hungarian ambassador in London, to take up these negotiations. But the revolution had destroyed every prospect which might have existed there. Our first representative was able to meet Entente diplomats and gained the

impression that some agreement might be made. But by the time our former London ambassador arrived at Bern, the monarchy which was to be a party to the negotiation had already ceased to exist.

Even the person of the Emperor was in danger. During the chaos which then prevailed, his bodyguard was lessened. Schönbrunn was protected by cadets from the military academy. What had been, but a few days before, a powerful, brilliant, imperial and royal court melted away like the snow at Easter.

I took my leave of His Majesty. My efforts failed because they came too late. I had not been able to be of service and had only harmed myself; but I am glad I made the effort. I should have felt disgraced forever had I not answered the call which was made upon me, and had I not endeavored to avert the catastrophe which I so vividly saw approaching.

MOMUS IN RED

BY A. KRECHETOV VOLZHISKY

[The following humorous sketch appeared originally in a small weekly magazine, called *Gudki* (The Whistles), which was published in Moscow by the Proletkult, the semi-official Bolshevik institution charged with the task of inculcating proletarian culture. This magazine existed a very short time, the reason probably being that its editors dared occasionally to fall into a critical mood.—Translator.]

THE editor of the proletarian weekly, *Factory and Foundry Incense*, was not in the best of spirits.

A sour grimace distorted his face.

'Our current number has to go to press to-morrow, and there isn't a thing to go into it. Where shall we get the stuff?' There was bitterness in the editor's voice, as he shouted this to his secretary.

His assistant, although he felt that

he was not at all to blame, said nothing, but only sank still deeper into the soft chair which he occupied.

'And you are a good one, too,' continued the editor, now with deep displeasure in his tone. 'How many times have I told you about it? You know perfectly well that the tendency of our magazine must be entirely proletarian. And you? Why, you even wear long hair!'

For a few seconds the secretary's bald head with a rim of reddish hair almost encircling it, appeared from the depths of the chair, as its possessor mumbled apathetically:

'What has my hair to do with it?'

Then the head disappeared again, as though it were a float on a fishing line that had suddenly caught in some grass and sunk to the bottom.

'What is the matter with you, any way? Have you just fallen off the moon? I like that, "What has my hair to do with it?" Perhaps you think that your bald spot also has nothing to do with it? Don't you know that a shining bald spot, rimmed by long hair like yours, is an attribute of the bourgeois epoch?'

'I'll cut it off.' The voice in the chair seemed like a gurgle in the water.

'That's the way. That's the way. I knew that you would do the sensible thing. You are a pretty decent sort of a fellow, all in all. But how about the stuff for our magazine? What have you to say to that?' The editor's voice had lost its former harshness, as he made this effort to extract the float from the bottom.

His effort had a considerable degree of success.

The float appeared again on the surface and gave the appearance of really establishing itself there. Then the secretary began monotonously:

'Here you shout and shout at me, and I really have a story. You can fill

the whole number with it. If you want. . . .'

'I don't want, I demand!'

And the angry superior snatched a batch of papers from the hands of his secretary and began to read them greedily:

"The Slaves of Gold." Quite a title, one must say. Well, let's see what else you have there. "It was in the twenties of February. The dusk was gathering over the town. The slanting rays of the setting sun slightly gilded the bluish sky. Along a deserted street of the small provincial town, an old man, of perhaps eighty, walked lazily, his head almost covered by his fur coat." The Devil knows what you have there!'

'I beg your pardon.' The secretary could not contain himself. 'What Devil are you reading about? There is no Devil in the story, as far as I can remember.'

'No, not in the story, but the Devil knows what you write there. You must be plumb crazy, my boy. Do you mean to offer me this bourgeois story for our proletarian magazine? Just look at the title, "The Slaves of Gold!" Are you going to sing praises to the speculators and profiteers? Eh?'

'No, on the contrary, I speak of the slaves of gold. . . .'

'The slaves of gold, the slaves of gold,' repeated the editor sneeringly, interrupting him. 'Don't you know that gold is a bourgeois superstition? Therefore the title is undemocratic. Still, it's possible to correct it. Suppose, instead of what you have there, we say, "The Slaves of"'

'The Hungry Ration,' suggested the secretary with mocking irony.

'Splendid! Excellent!' The editor was simply overjoyed. 'The proletariat is always hungry.'

'But. . . .'

'No buts. Don't be so modest; you

had a wonderful idea, and that's fine. So, it is, "The Slaves of the Hungry Ration." Let us read further. "It was in the twenties of February. . . ." The twenties . . . The twentieth. . . One must be an incorrigible idiot to write stuff like that for a proletarian magazine. The twentieth. . . That's the day when every government official was accustomed in the old days to get his monthly salary. Don't you know that? Well, then, here is something for you to learn: the proletarians get their pay for the work they do every first and fifteenth of the month. It is time to forget about bureaucracy, which was one of the whales that supported the old régime and has now been destroyed together with it. Still, we can correct it, "It was on the fifteenth of February. . . ."

'But I am not writing about salaries and wages,' objected the secretary with tearful entreaty.

"That makes no difference. No matter what you write about, as long as you mention the twentieth, you deal in the remains of Tsarism. Yes, and please don't argue. Now, "The dusk was gathering over the town. The slanting rays of the setting sun slightly gilded the bluish sky. . . ." The bluish sky. . . . What have we here? A clearly defined monarchic tendency? While you were at it, why did n't you write, "The sky was white-blue-red?" The Devil knows what you are writing there! We'll say red, instead of blue, for red is the color that really corresponds with the spirit of our time.'

A strange light suddenly flashed in the hitherto lifeless eyes of the unfortunate secretary.

'Allow me,' he said, 'and I shall change the story myself, entirely in accordance with your method. What follows? "Along a deserted street of the small provincial town, an old man, of perhaps eighty, walked lazily. . . ."

A deserted street! Ha-ha-ha! In the evening! You will say, "That will stimulate laziness, shiftlessness, bourgeois habits." . . . "Walked lazily." Why, that's a real bourgeois type. No, let us correct it like this: "Along a narrow and winding street of a small provincial town which was crowded with people rushing like mad in all conceivable directions, an old man of about eighty, dressed in a torn and weather-beaten old coat, ran as though he were pushed by steam. His eyes shone with enthusiasm. An inspiring revolutionary song poured forth from his bosom. His feet were moving in peculiar figures, so that one thought he would begin to dance. The air was full of the noises made by the endless and ceaseless whistles of the palatial factories, while the diabolical rumble of the majestic and mighty machines and engines caressed the ear with marvelous harmonies. The workmen in their bright red blouses. . . ."

'Wonderful! Marvelous! You are a genius! Or as Potemkin used to say, "You can die, Denis, you will never write anything better!"'

'Listen, listen to what follows,' the secretary was already hoarse, but the whites of his eyes were turning in frenzy and his whole face was convulsed by a malicious grin.

'No, that's enough! I see that you've understood me perfectly. You are a very clever and talented secretary. I am happy that I have such an assistant. How many lines will your story occupy?'

'As many as you want, three hundred, five hundred, a thousand.'

'Fine! Excellent! And as a reward you may go a whole month yet without cutting your hair. Now let us shake hands, comrade, and let me give you a fraternal kiss.'

The overpowered improviser, exhausted by his terrific mental effort,

sank half-conscious into the depths of his chair.

The editor was happy. The current number of *Factory and Foundry In-cense* was saved.

[*Moscow Gudki* (Literary Weekly Magazine, Devoted to Questions of Proletarian Culture), April, 1919]

THE FAMILY: A STORY

BY NIKOLAI POLETAYEFF

THE storm is sobbing and howling outside. It is cold in my room. I gather my old and torn overcoat around me, seeking protection from the chill. I am all alone now, and it is so strange to be living in this room without my comrade, with whom I have shared it before. Recently he was married, and now he is not alone.

Yes, he does not feel the crushing loneliness which is my lot. He does not have to listen to the groaning and howling and the sobbing of the storm. He has other things to occupy his attention, other than the dull yellowish tongue of fire that shines in the dirty little lamp on my table.

And I am all alone in the world, all by myself, as though I were not living, but just vegetating here in this old room.

In the room next to mine, beyond the thin partition, there is life; quiet and small, almost mouse-like, but still, life.

A whole family is living there: an old man, bedridden with disease, his stout, lame wife, and their son, a young fellow of twenty-five.

The old man used to have every appearance of decorum in his way. His long, silvery beard was always combed, just as was his gray hair, which glistened with oil on holidays. His trade was to sell oil for ikon-lamps, and all his life, or for thirty years at least, he did noth-

ing else than deliver oil to people's homes. Now he is near death. But still he is not alone; he is with his family.

The partition is very thin. I can hear everything that is said or even whispered in the next room. But just now nothing is said there.

The old woman is stumping around heavily in her torn felt boots, making a great deal of rattle with her old samovar, which obstinately refuses to heat the water inside of it. Now she is placing plates on the table, and they jingle in her hands.

At last the samovar is on the table. Its sing-song whistle is loud, insistent, almost joyous, shutting out even the howls of the storm outside. The old woman drops into her chair with a heavy thud. Envy rises in me. Their son will return from work soon, they will drink hot tea; peaceful, family conversation will float with the steam exhaled by the hot drink.

'Give me . . . a cup . . . to moisten my soul,' says the old man, his voice broken up by heavy breathing, notes of complaint already shaping the intonation of each word.

'I knew it,' the old woman jumps at him. 'Just as I sat down he starts in bothering me. Would n't even let me drink my cup of tea in peace.'

She rises from her chair angrily, a cup jingles in her hands as she almost throws it on the chair which stands near the old man's bed. Then in a voice full of bitter certainty that she is in the right, she shrieks at him:

'Here, gobble it up! Lord, how I am tired of you. I'll kill you if you won't die soon yourself!'

'What are you saying? What are you saying? Lord be with us!' whispers the old man in fright. Then he becomes silent.

A long, heavy silence ensues. Only the storm howls outside, the samovar continues its sing-song whistle, and the

old woman chews something slowly and loudly with her toothless mouth.

The door opens, and a long, hoarse cough is heard. The son has returned from work. He is a sickly, short fellow, not even as tall as his mother. He has a flat face, with a low, obstinate forehead, and little, gray, protruding eyes. Once, in a fight, he hit his mother with a stick of wood and knocked one of her eyes out.

He walks about the room for some reason or other, making a great deal of noise, works about the samovar for a while, and then drops down into a chair.

'I got ten to-day,' he tells his mother in a tone that is at once boastful and indifferent. 'And next week they'll give us a pound of butter, too.'

'What's happened? Did they put you in the first *category*?' asks the mother, her voice plainly indicating envy, yet deep respect.

'No, no *category* about it. Just because I had a certificate about being sick, that's all.'

I can hear how he breaks the egg-shell on the table.

'There you are, eating eggs like potatoes,' says the old woman, now with anger and envy and bitterness in her voice. 'We might make noodles for all of us. Are you the only one who is sick? Am I well? And the old man? Is he in bed because he is well? As God sees me, I'll break all those eggs for you!' I can hear her tear off her chair and make steps in her son's direction.

'Just try it, just try,' says he, indifferently, but hoarsely. 'Then I'll kill you with a club, you one-eyed Devil!'

'What are you two raising all that scandal for? Stop it, for God's sake! O Lord, when will I be rid of it all?' groans the old man from his bed.

The storm outside howls, and groans, and sobs as before. My little lamp is just as dull, and flickering, and ill-smelling. But I am no longer sorry that I am alone.

I make another effort to gather my torn coat about me, and fall asleep.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A BOOK OF LUSTRE WARE

LADY EVANS has written a book, the first of its kind in English, on lustre pottery. Methuen of London is the publisher, and the book is priced at fifty-two shillings six pence.

Lustre forms perhaps the most mysterious and tantalizing chapter in the history of ceramics. This pottery with a strange iridescent glaze, that changes color with the light, came into existence, so far as we know, in Egypt and the Middle East in the early middle ages. It was largely made in Eastern Spain in the later middle ages. It was imitated at two, and apparently only two, of the many majolica works of Renaissance Italy — Deruta and Gubbio. Then the production of lustre ceased, as suddenly as it seemed to have begun, until it was revived by modern potters, with the aid of chemical science, some sixty or seventy years ago. Anyone who has ever seen a good piece of lustre, whether it be Oriental, or Hispano-Moresque, or of the modern makes, must wonder why so exquisite a ware should have been discovered so late or should have ever ceased to be made when once it was known. It is odd, too, that the Chinese, the unquestioned masters of the potter's art, should have never made lustre.

Lady Evans' book is welcome in so far as it supplies tentative answers to these questions and an interesting, though incomplete, summary of the many scattered articles and papers devoted to the subject. We may observe, first of all, that the Chinese did not use lustre because their felspathic glazes were unsuited to the process, being too

hard to absorb the volatilized metals which produce the lustrous effect. The next point to notice is that lustre pottery is extremely difficult to make. The ware, having been fired first in the 'bis-cuit' stage and then fired a second time to fix the glazed and painted ornament, is coated with the lustre, as required, and fired a third time in a special muffle-kiln at a low temperature. At the right moment, a reducing gas is introduced — the old potters used smoke from burning broom — and the copper or silver in the lustre then volatilizes and stains the glaze red or yellow. But if air penetrates into the kiln, or the heat is too great, the metals will oxidize and form a dark crust on the glaze, spoiling the ware.

An old Italian writer, Piccolpasso, who has left a description of the sixteenth-century potter's methods, says that at Gubbio the lustre process was 'uncertain in its success, frequently only six pieces being good out of a hundred.'

In 1856, a kind of lustre, not mentioned by Lady Evans, was invented by a French chemist and afterward adopted by the Beleek china manufactories in Ireland. Beleek china — the shops at Queenstown used to be full of it, a very fragile, cream color, egg-shell kind of thing; during the war the officers of the United States vessels used to buy cups and saucers of the ware for souvenirs.

A genuine lustre was rediscovered by a Gubbio chemist a few years later. The late William de Morgan, with boundless enthusiasm, then took up the

idea and made many charming tiles, especially in red lustre, though he could not acquire a complete mastery of the difficult process. Several English firms followed his example. Fifteen or twenty years ago Mr. William Burton worked out the scientific theory of lustre, and produced many remarkably beautiful vases and dishes in silver and copper, and Mr. Bernard Moore made other fine things. Good lustre, too, was made at the close of the last century at Cannes. It is a pity that this large book should not contain more than a cursory reference to these modern lustre wares, which illustrate the successful application of science to the ancient craft of the potter. We are none the less grateful to Lady Evans for her book on a too long neglected subject.

Mr. Gosse's Birthday

ON Tuesday, November 9, Mr. Balfour, on behalf of numerous subscribers, presented to Mr. Edmund Gosse, in honor of his seventieth birthday, a bronze bust of himself by Sir William Goscombe John, R.A. In making the presentation Mr. Balfour expressed the opinion that the most valuable portion of Mr. Gosse's work was the long series of his literary studies. For ourselves, we think it is as the author of *Father and Son* that Mr. Gosse will be chiefly remembered.

G. B. S. in Vienna

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S comedy *Heart-break House* is soon to be produced at the Vienna Burg theatre. This is the first production of the play on any continental stage, and it is being looked forward to with intense interest.

A New Novel by Anatole France

THE House of Mornay of Paris announce the coming publication of a new novel by M. France, entitled *Le Comte Morin, Député*.

Mme. Réjane's Last Film

It was a happy inspiration on the part of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to suggest that the film of Richepin's *Miarka, la Fille à l'Ourse*, in which Mme. Réjane played the last part in her long and honored career, should be presented for the first time in England to a special gathering of her brothers and sisters of the theatrical profession. The Empire Theatre, where the film was shown first, was as full of stage and society celebrities as it would have been for a dramatic 'first night.'

Miarka is always an intensely interesting film, even though it is not a great one. Inevitably its chief attraction lies in the acting of Mme. Réjane, and it will certainly give posterity some idea of her unique powers. For three quarters of the film the part which she plays could be filled by any actress of ability. Then, suddenly, one gets five minutes of drama and gripping intensity which only a great actress could have carried through.

It is a story of an old gypsy woman and her granddaughter, whom she shelters from the trials and temptations of the world, because it has been ordained that one day her hand will be sought in marriage by the Romany prince who will come out of the unknown to claim his bride. The gist of the story may be imagined. She falls in love with a young man, who is supposed to be the nephew of the squire who has protected the gypsies. The old woman tries by every means in her power to dissuade her, only to discover, after much trial and tribulation, that the boy is really a foundling and the missing prince. The grandmother, ill to the point of death, manages to summon up sufficient strength to drag herself to the altar to burn a candle in honor of her saints, and, having accomplished her mission, dies with a smile on her face.

And here it is that we get the last example of Mme. Réjane's art that the world will see. Nobody but a really great actress could have held the attention of the audience for so long. It is almost painful to watch the efforts of the dying woman to perform her task. Step by step she crawls and falls toward the altar, clutching at any support that will help her on. The look of supreme content when she has reached her goal and offered her thanks is a thing of haunting beauty, though it is surpassed in dramatic force a moment later when, with her last strength, she crosses herself and falls dead. It is a great piece of work, however painful it may be, to watch the actress, herself a dying woman, playing her part with such grim fidelity.

A Song Book of Limehouse

MR. THOMAS BURKE of *Broken Blossoms* and *Limehouse Nights* fame is, I see, to 'transcribe and where necessary edit' *The Songbook of Quong Lee of Limehouse*, which reflects the ideas and sentiments of a Limehouse shopkeeper. More vivid cruelty, I suppose, for those who secretly enjoy such carrion.

From a Book of Jugoslav Verse

THERE is a tang of real folk poetry in the following lines:

A young girl is sitting upon the hill,
Upon the height of the hill, where the view is
broadest;
She spins the silk and braids the ribbon.
And as she braids she talks to the ribbon:
'If I knew, O my ribbon,
That a young man would wear thee,
I would braid silk threads into thee,
With gold I would cover thee,
And with pearls I would ornament thee.
But if I knew, O my ribbon,
That an old man would wear thee,
I would braid coarse hemp into thee,
I would braid reeds into thee,
And with nettles I would ornament thee.'

News from Sicily

WORK is going on at Syracuse with a view to preparing a series of spectacles of Greek tragedy, to be given in the beautiful Greek theatre which lies just on the edge of the modern city. It is hoped that the representations will surpass those of 1914, which enjoyed no little success. The series will commence with a tragedy of Æschylus in the translation of Professor Ettore Romagnoli, who will also be director of the performances. The Roman artist, Duilio Cambellotti, will be responsible for scenic effects and the designing of the costumes.

It is the intention of the organizers of the performances to create in Syracuse a permanent institute for the antique Greek theatre, which, in addition to staging plays from the repertory of the ancient tragedians and comedians, will also publish books relating to the subject, and editions of the Greek classics. Syracuse, saturated as it is with the Hellenic tradition, is an ideal site for the scheme. Its fame as a wintering place will help largely to provide the cultured audience to which spectacles of this nature are most likely to appeal.

THE American film *Earthbound*, now meeting with a great popular success in London, has, nevertheless, been handled none too gently by the professional critics. The following lines are from the latest *Spectator*.

'There is no tawdry sentiment. The lettering of the titles shown on the screen is admirable. There is a very beautiful and well-behaved dog. The actors and actresses look and dress quite as people of the social position of the story would look and dress. But inoffensiveness, a dog, good lettering, and rational deportment are no substitute for sensibility, fire, and imagination.'

'The author and producers do not seem to understand that in *Earthbound* they have embarked upon a theme as vast, as tremendous as Milton's when he undertook to justify the ways of God to Man. If we are not to have majestic grandeur, we must have passion, pity, and terror. We are mortal creatures; we know that we must die; we look forward to that necessary event with dread, with resignation, or with rapture. Whichever our emotion, our souls are troubled because of it. It is one of the mysteries of great art that, like religion, though it cannot explain the mystery of our fate, it can calm and illuminate that troubling of the spirit, can give form and even a majestic outline to the tossing chaos of conjecture. And that is why we desire to hear a great artist on this theme. But we emphatically do not want to hear it discussed at lunch, and that is what, it seems to me, the authors of *Earthbound* have done. In cold blood, without inspiration, however crude, without any particular knowledge, either of the human heart or of the history of religion, they have sat down to portray the life after death in such a way that it shall, above all, offend nobody.

'If it were not all rather pretentious it would be pathetic. We can all excuse the wildness or the crudities of a young art or a young artist. In all primitive art, or even in "juvenilia," there is a freshness or an ambitious daring which compensates for lack of perspective or bombast. Perfectly correct, perfectly insipid, *Earthbound*, without even a squib or a cracker of the divine fire, the

highbrow cinema play, is at a most painful stage in its evolution.'

The First Aviation Opera

THE first aviation opera, which is a work of Futurist character, has been staged at Lugo. It is called *Airman Drò* and is by Signor Pratella, a Futurist composer and great friend of Marinetti. The music, however, is not unduly eccentric, and the critics are agreed in allowing it considerable worth. The critic of the *Corriere della Sera* speaks of it as 'a noble work.' Touches of futurist theory introduce sometimes, however, the ridiculous element. The noise of the aeroplane's engines (represented by a motor bicycle in the wings) is made to form a kind of additional new instrument for the orchestra in the last act, and in the *fortissimo* passages is allowed to 'race' wildly.

Airman Drò is a man who wishes to free himself from the tyranny of the senses and to purify a life of ease and luxury by some heroic action. He stakes his entire fortune with a friend, loses, and sets out to face a life of struggle. In aviation he finds the kind of action and danger his spirit had been seeking. In the end he meets death in the skies, and consummates his wish for an heroic last hour.

Smith and the Pharaohs

SIR RIDER HAGGARD's last volume* is made up of six stories; and among them they provide fare for all Haggardians.

**Smith and the Pharaohs* (Arrowsmith, 7s. 6d. net).

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

MY LORD GOES TO NEWGATE

BY VICTOR G. PLARR

THE sunlight fell in a long shaft down the splendid Italian room. His lordship locked the door, turning the great key carefully in the finely worked lock.

'This will delay them,' he remarked.

His lordship was a hunted man. A posse of people, got together by the local surgeon, Mr. Francis, was in pursuit of him. But it was a respectful pursuit, egad! They were creeping after him, reverentially, room by room, and they had been puzzled and put off the trail more than once.

Deliberately Lord Sadler turned and looked at the sunlight down the long chamber. His thoughts were exceedingly clear, and with something of the delight of an artist in a new sensation he reflected that this luminosity had often produced in him a sense of ennui during the long afternoons of the past, whereas, now, it was striking him quite differently. Everything was different and the same, that morning. There, for instance, on that great cabinet lay his Kitty's tambour-work. He went up and fingered it. Ah, poor child! It had no business there, to be sure. Kitty Clinton had been at the bottom of it all, perhaps. Her ladyship would say so! Other people would say other things. Nobody would understand, except, perhaps, Kitty!

Lord Sadler lingered over a Chinese nest of drawers, a peculiarly fine piece this, with silver handles to the partitions and a design of pudding trees. They were in fruitage dusky red, he observed, and had gold stems. Both

red and gold were broken somewhat and faded. He had always been opposed to furniture polish. He opened a drawer at random. Ah, there was his little sister's hair, a fat, gold lock, tied with thread. He took it out, held it in the palm of his shapely hand. Well, she was dead — had died when he was a boy at Eton! Why do we keep such mementoes? They are difficult to bestow; they collapse and lose their shape. This was 1760. What would the hair be like in 1860, if it reached that date? And who would then know its history? The hair of a dead child, to whom an Eton boy was devoted a hundred and more years ago! He opened other drawers here and in a table. His mother's miniature — he held it in the light for many moments. It was a stately face — too stern, though! Yet, should a man criticize the family type? His noble father — he would look upon his tall portrait all in good time.

'My lord, my lord, pray open this door!' said a deferential voice without.

"Anon, anon, Francis!"

My lord was a student of Shakespeare — admired him and Mr. Garrick beyond measure. He stepped to the tall and perfectly proportioned door, his slim figure according well with the lines of its panels as he stood in the half-stooping attitude that men assume when they fumble with difficult locks. He drew a little bolt, of the kind called in Scotland a snib; it went home half-way up the jamb. Then he unlocked, causing the great key to click sharply.

The people outside heard him and grew expectant. They heard his footsteps retiring down the long floor and the opening of a door beyond. Then they respectfully essayed to open their own door, but the bolt stopped them.

'You can force the barrier if you apply your shoulders to it!'

The voice rang clearly toward them. They proceeded to the work of forcing the door: it seemed sacrilegious to do so in that show house, which most of them had only visited once or twice in their lives and then with not a little awestruck admiration. Mr. Francis wiped his forehead and whistled 'Whew!'

'Too fine a place to be hunting a lord in,' said Mr. Stigg, the village tailor, under his breath. 'Seems a shame!'

'Ay, ay, you're right theer,' assented a yeoman.

'I don't like this game at all!' said a timid gamekeeper, who kept my lord's fighting cocks. 'Supposin' us says we noo nowt about it! Supposin' now we goes away and has a quart of old October at Host Spratley's here! And then all 'ull be snug and quiet like!'

But, though several pale faces were composed quite suddenly into an expression of assent — though Master Sprately himself alluded with apparent vagueness to the excellence of his ale at that time of year, Mr. Francis, the surgeon, with a vision of a murdered man before his eyes, urged assiduous pursuit.

My lord passed through several rooms rapidly, but in the great gallery of portraits, which, as all travelers in that part of England are aware, is very long and curiously narrow, he took the precaution of locking the tall door. And then he fell to saluting various portraits with various gestures. To the man of Tudor date he kissed his hand; to the Elizabethan warrior and statesman he gave a hearty wave; to the

Cromwellian he made a mock obeisance; to his William the Third ancestor, who had been Cavalier, Parliamentarian, and Trimmer by turns, he made a leg; to his own father he bowed, laying his hand upon his heart — the portrait, at least eight feet high, was one of Kneller's finest.

'Sir, you were too indulgent, as she was too grim!' said my lord in a whisper. 'Goodbye, goodbye.'

He heard the smash and wrench of a broken bolt and lock in the silence of the house. It was time to be gone. He turned abruptly aside, pulled back a lofty portrait of a sombre archbishop, which concealed a little door, shut the door carefully behind him, and ascended a little stair.

'They will not guess where I am now unless the chimney-sweeper is of the hue and cry.'

It so happened that the chimney-sweeper was.

My lord passed through his stately library, pausing not to look at the books. He was in his own cabinet now. Yes, this was the place. The bore, the bore, the bore had lain there in death! Well, well!

'One ought to reflect with remorse on an occasion such as this,' said my lord. 'But I have no remorse at all! I caused very little pain. Our interview was polite. The deed I did was instantaneous in its effect — there were no outcries, no agonies. Were most men to die as peacefully as that old man, most of us would die happy! And he was a bore!'

He stood riveted to the spot where the shot had been fired only yesterday. He quite forgot his pursuers. He recalled yesterday and much else.

One might, at this point, quote from the *Newgate Calendar*,* that incom-

* I must confess to having taken some liberties with the more squalid parts of the narrative as given in the *New Newgate Calendar*; or *Malefactors' Universal Register*, a work not written from the novelist's point of view.

parable work, but the citation would strike a too prosaic note. His lordship had been certainly annoyed by his decorous steward's business plot in the matter of the coal mine, but it was not business in the first place which had incensed him. Old Mr. Jackson, the steward, had constituted himself her ladyship's mouthpiece — his lordship's mentor — that was where the shoe pinched! Whenever the old fellow turned up on her ladyship's business, which he conducted with an awful punctiliousness as though my lord were a cheat, he was sure to get in some hint, even at times a whole sentence, on morality — his lordship's morality — and this had been more than an irritable man could bear.

'The cursed impudent Methody!' cried Lord Sadler after every interview. At last he made his plan — in the interest of *bienséance*, he averred to himself, and as a warning to bores. Bores should be taught that one *couche sociale*, and more particularly one *couche intellectuelle*, cannot lecture another. 'Our good Jackson is a Choc-taw; for myself I am a Cherokee! let us put it in this tribal way! My tribe does not see as his tribe! What in the name of all the devils does he know of my relations with her ladyship or Kitty? He does not understand — how can he understand? — the Sadler point of view. A man of my wide perceptions and interests admires many facets of the jewel we call woman. *Mon Dieu*, he requires at least four wives — the wit, the beauty, the saint, the siren. Or, put another way, a tall blonde, a shapely brunette, an amazon, a plump woman! Pshaw, I am not mad! The Grand Turk or King Solomon often talked thus! "The irregularities of the great," quotha, and "the unfortunate amours of the nobility!" And again "the domestic virtues of the small holder," "the pious connubiality

of the small tradesman!"' These were the steward's phrases, and as they contained some truth, they only made my lord foam the more.

'Are all the virtues in your class, friend?' he one day shouted to Mr. Jackson, who had delivered himself of more apothegms than usual. 'Is the *femme de chambre* always chaste, the lackey always honest?'

Jackson could not tackle this proposition at once. So he was unctuously impertinent. My lord flared up, ordered him from the house. Then he thought things over for a day or two, and taking more wine than was customary even in that three-bottle epoch, grew morose. Many things had chafed him of late. People had put upon him — had insulted him! He was a man in a false position. Well, he would begin to reassert himself. He would begin with Jackson.

He summoned the man, heard the usual thinly-veiled lecture, ordered him to kneel down, shot him through the heart. It was the work of a moment.

Bah, the man had been a bore!

He was making this reflection aloud and at the same time holding an imaginary pistol downward at an imaginary victim when his pursuers came upon him finally.

Their chase had lasted hours. They found him in the attitude in which he is represented in Vangro's print, and for a moment stood and, in the phrase of the age, 'admired.' A constable not being of the party, no one seemed in a position to arrest his lordship. And, indeed, for a moment or two, so absorbed was he in the events of yesterday that he neither heard nor saw.

Then someone whispered 'He's showing us how it was done!' And my lord's gamekeeper said in a low voice: 'I've seen nowt. I'm for goin' away and leavin' my lord as he is! What say ye, my mates?'

Lord Sadler turned at that and faced the knot of respectful pursuers, who stood all together near the door by which they had entered.

'Ah well, well!' said my lord. 'So there you are! At last, at last, gentlemen!'

Then he added whimsically: 'I vow it was Jones the chimney-sweeper who showed you the way! Eh, you there! Speak up, Jones.'

'I'm very sorry, my lord,' said Jones in a small voice. 'I'm sure I hope my lord will forgive a poor man.'

'Forgive you! Of course! I forgive everybody. Yes, I shot old Jackson, but so would you have done had you known him as well as I! I vow you would, you rascals.'

There was what the moderns call 'a sensation' when these words were spoken. No one had loved the dead man, least of all the dubious members of the posse, the dicers, and gamblers, and poachers, of which classes several fine specimens were present.

There was a shuffling of feet — a suppressed coughing. Nobody had the bad taste to speak of arrest.

'Well, now, to be sure,' cried his lordship. 'I admit the circumstances are exceptional. Peers do not slay their tenants every day! Eh?'

He addressed the surgeon, who bowed in silence.

'Well, you are all very well behaved, very pretty fellows. And I want you to take a glass of burgundy with me before we proceed further. Spratley there, pray pull the bell.'

Mr. Spratley obeyed with a strange sort of alacrity. A footman, white of face, appeared. The servants, be it said, had refused to take any part in this most unusual of chases. Nay, they had given no information or assistance whatever.

The footman brought glasses and bottles. My lord drank first, giving as

his toast 'The King,' George II, then still reigning. Everything passed with the utmost decorum, and in the end his lordship was able to step into his own landau and be driven, among respectfully concerned faces of villagers and others, to the county town, where he was confined in a comfortable inn.

This was on Saturday, and till the coroner's jury had sat on the following Monday, and had returned a verdict of 'Wilful Murder,' no specific charge was preferred against his lordship. After the verdict, he was committed to gaol, but respectfully, for he drove there in his own carriage. Everybody was respectful. The circumstances were certainly exceptional.

My lord's case came before his Peers in Parliament. It is matter of history. Then he was honorably confined in the Tower. The first part of the Lords' trial was formal, a mere reading of the verdict of the Coroner's Court. The imprisonment in the Tower was solemn.

In the round tower near the drawbridge, with two warders watching at his elbow and two soldiers, their bayonets fixed, at the stair-foot, my lord began to think with a truer and more cruel calmness.

'Ah, little Kitty, little Kitty,' he sighed, 'why can I not behold your face?'

The interchange of notes between the pair had become so frequent that the authorities, says the grim old *Newgate Calendar*, 'forbid [them] to pass more than once in the day.'

The dark girl lurked in tears in a lodging near the gates. My lord looked in vain for her slim and vivid form in those outer spaces to which his gaze had access. He saw at best a sentry on the bridge.

'Alas!' he mused, 'why wast thou so inevitable? There was no escape from thee, dear tormentor. About me at all hours, beautiful and persistent.

How could any man refuse to be thy adorer?

'That old man was thy kinsman — I had not thought of that! Child of my lower household as thou wast, thy Udolpho should have stood to thee in the place of a father, and he became thy lover. Ye gods, 'twas Kismet. Some amours are too easy. My lady wife was wooed with orthodoxy: I waited on her in her father's saloon; she curtsied, I bowed. Compliments were interchanged. To the last moment of our long courtship, I knew not the glow of passion: we two in our mazy world of *les politesses, les bienséances*, scarce knew our own minds. We met weekly, and no ardors but grow cool in a week! On my return from her ladyship's 'twas Kitty who took my hat, Kitty who took my whip! Kitty, Kitty, with glowing glance and alluring shape. A tongue, too, half impudence, half pathos! "Stolen fruit is ever sweet," so whispered little Kitty, and then she would fall a-sighing. Such a big sigh! Such a touching tear! I wonder if the great have all been entangled in Neera's hair. The old Tibullus was content in those tangles. The old Flaccus loved his Lalage, and, grown an ancient man, he turned in regretful song to the dead Cynara.'

My lord, on the occasion of such reveries, took pen and paper and wrote lines in the manner of his age.

The grim Tower gates were shut an hour before their time 'on occasion of this imprisonment.' For the public, greatly curious, had thronged the gray yards in the hope of catching a glimpse of the strange august offender.

The gates once closed, the wardens grew more lax and, helped by my lord's guineas, often withdrew from his stony but not sordid chamber.

It was these men's duty to bring him his meals. 'His breakfast,' says our quaint old record, 'consisted of a

muffin and a basin of tea, with a spoonful of brandy in it. After dinner and supper, he drank a pint of wine mixed with water.'

The wine that had flowed so freely in the past was restricted now, according to the ideas of moderation that then prevailed. My lord's behavior 'in general was very decent, but he sometimes exhibited evident proofs of discomposure of mind.'

The poor, sinful man! They drove him in his own carriage to the House of Lords. And in Westminster Hall, Chancellor Henley, created High Steward on the occasion, presided over the red robes of the judges. 'The proof of the fact was sufficiently clear; but Lord — cross-examined the witnesses in such a manner as gave sufficient proof of the sanity of his mind, of which some doubts had been entertained.'

The verdict was 'Guilty' by the unanimous voice of the Peers. And now he had barely three weeks more of life, for the execution was fixed for the 5th of May. My lord received the awful verdict, pronounced by many of his erstwhile friends, with the nonchalance of the wit and the philosopher of the mid-eighteenth century, but at night, in the Tower, he fell into a sudden gloom.

'Udolpho bids you farewell,' he wrote to his siren. 'Farewell, I can say no more!'

Of the following days why write? They were but a repetition of many days that had gone before.

My lord made his will, duly and with decorum, and provided for Kitty in the approved manner of that strange old age of lawless domesticity. And for the family of him he had slain! He sent to my lady, humbly — received no answer. Well, well!

He wooed the Muse. 'On the morning of execution he is said to have writ-

ten the following lines, and to have been proceeding when the attendance of one of the wardens interrupted him:

In doubt I live, in doubt I die;
Yet undismay'd, the vast abyss I'll try,
And plunge into eternity.
Through rugged paths.

We will let the narrative of the *Calendar* proceed. Its Thucydidean brevity and half-hints are more poignant than any story we could tell.

About nine o'clock the sheriffs attended at the Tower-gate; and Lord —, being told they were come, requested that he might go in his own landau, instead of a mourning coach, which had been prepared for him. No objection being made to this request, he entered the landau, attended by the Rev. Mr. Humphries, chaplain of the Tower. His lordship was dressed in a white suit, richly embroidered with silver, and when he put it on he said, 'This is the suit in which I was married, and in which I will die.'

Mr. Sheriff Vaillant joined them at the Tower-gate, and, taking his seat in the landau, told his lordship how disagreeable it was to wait on him on so awful an occasion, but that he would endeavor to render his situation as little irksome as possible.

Can we not see the scene?—the sheriff, stout, puffing, apologetic, wiping the perspiration from his brow, sitting down plump in the carriage on that hot May morning? And my lord in his white dress in which he was married and was to die?

Processions to Tyburn moved for the greater part of their route through what is now Oxford Street. It was then known as 'the Oxford Road,' a name to which old Londoners clung as late as 1840.

'The procession now moved slowly through an immense crowd of spectators.'

'Have you ever seen such a crowd?' said the condemned man.

'No, indeed, your lordship. Certainly not—certainly never before, my lord!'

The good sheriff was still overawed by his *vis-à-vis* in the carriage. To be

riding in conversation with a nobleman, even to Tyburn tree!

'I suppose it is because they never saw a lord hanged before.'

The chaplain, observing that the public would be naturally inquisitive about his lordship's religious opinions; he replied, 'that he did not think himself accountable to the world for his sentiments on religion; but that he always believed in one God, the maker of all things; that whatever were his religious notions, he had never propagated them; that all countries had a form of religion, by which the people were governed, and whoever disturbed them in it, he considered as an enemy to society: that he thought Lord Bolingbroke to blame, for permitting his sentiments on religion to be published to the world.'

And he made other observations of a like nature. Respecting the death of Mr. J —, he said, 'He was under particular circumstances, and had met with so many crosses and vexations, that he scarce knew what he did'; but declared that he had no malice against the unfortunate man.

So immense was the crowd, that it was near three hours before the procession reached the place of execution, on the way to which Lord — desired to stop to have a glass of wine and water; but the sheriff observing that it would only draw a greater crowd about him, he replied 'That is true. I say no more; let us by no means stop.' He likewise observed, that the preliminary apparatus of death produced more terror than death itself.

And now the hedges and ditches of the open country appeared — meadows and blossom of hawthorn. How sweet the country was that lovely morning! My lord drew a long breath. He had fasted from wine, that ancient consoler, but he feared not death, despite the crowds, the noise, the dust, this slow, long progress, and the little three-cornered gibbet out there at the bend of the Oxford Road! He drew a long breath—sat up with dignity in his place. So fine he looked that the old sheriff regretted to himself that this public drive neared its end.

'Life is a long series of renunciations, Mr. Sheriff,' said my lord, 'and the philosopher is he who learns to make them all in turn. But the last renun-

ciation is the greatest, for 'tis final, egad!

'Assuredly, my lord. I entirely concur with your lordship, and regret, my lord, that you were not able to take wine as you desired.'

He had only caught the word 'renunciation'—had in fact been thinking of other things, wishing, above all, that he could order the coachman to turn off to the left down Hyde Park there. With what a rattle they would have swept in among the trees! But my lord's coachman would have missed the turning, for his eyes for an hour past had been full of tears. Moreover, the cortège 'was attended by a party of horse-grenadiers and foot-guards.' There were soldiers to right and left. Impossible to turn into the Park. And ahead there was a circle of scarlet-coated guards round something, of which my lord alone had caught sight a long way down the road.

And now the crowd thickened again, and amid an immense sound, half sigh, half gasp, the carriage wheeled to the right at the foot of what is now the Edgware Road.

My lord took in the whole scene—abstractedly, as though he were not a chief actor in it. The feeling has so often been described! In a curious kind of way the gathering suggested a tenants' merry-making. There were tenants of his there, to be sure. He recognized a little group that pressed forward all together with eager white faces at a salient in the crowd. Yes, there was the timid gamekeeper who looked after the mains of cocks. And little Stigg! And Spratley! All close together, all pressing forward with a kind of plaintive welcome! A strange look of concern!

'My lord, my lord,' they were saying.

Most were weeping. The grave coachman turned round and peered through tears at them and at my lord.

He seemed about to speak. Lord Sadler almost cheated himself into asking them what ailed them. What was it all about? Yes, and there was a tall, dark girl, battling with faintness, striving to stand alone, though arms supported her.

Rough hands were stretched out and my lord shook them. He had always shaken his people's hands on great occasions. It was no new thing, that! But the dark girl only gazed at him with a look that seemed to conquer swooning and the very agony of the Valley of the Shadow.

'Kitty—Kitty—Kitty!' he said below his breath. They were leading the horses now amid a kind, buzzing sigh of people. Mr. Vaillant touched him on the shoulder. He understood. He rose, bowed, and gracefully and with erect demeanor descended from the carriage and prepared to mount the steps of the scaffold. There was a strange scent of sawdust about. The rough steps were covered with black baize.

But with his foot on the lowest of them he turned and begged the sheriff to let him take a final leave of the tall girl there.

But old Mr. Vaillant 'advised him to decline it.'

'It will disarm your lordship of the fortitude you possess.'

One more act of renunciation, one of the most heroic before the final one!

'If you, sir, think I am wrong, I submit.'

Then 'with great composure' he mounted the scaffold steps.

The crowds broke into a strange kind of murmur, not of hate, surely, when they saw the tall, distinguished figure in white. There followed a moment of prayer. The chaplain and the doomed man repeated the Lord's Prayer, which my lord 'called a fine composition.'

That is the last literary touch!

He is reported by the *Calendar* to have spoken 'with great fervency' words which perhaps he added to the prayer:

'O God, forgive me all my errors!—pardon all my sins!'

He then presented his watch to Mr. Vaillant, and gave five guineas to the assistant of the executioner, by mistake. . . . The master demanding the money, a dispute arose between the

parties, which might have discomposed the dying man, had not the sheriff exerted his authority to put an end to it.

The executioner now proceeded to do his duty. Lord ——'s neckcloth was taken off, a white cap which he had brought in his pocket put on his head, his arms secured with a black sash, and the halter put round his neck. (It was the silken halter of tradition.) He then ascended the raised part of the scaffold, and the cap being pulled over his face, the sheriff gave a signal, on which the raised scaffold was struck and remained level with the rest.

[*The Outlook*]

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

BY E. T. RAYMOND

AUBREY BEARDSLEY represented most authentically a special aspect of the 'nineties. There were two main attitudes in the thought of the period. Most that was virile was imperialistic; Mr. Kipling was but the greatest of a whole school, and Mr. Chamberlain did not so much form an Imperialistic party as place himself at the head of a party already formed. There was much that was admirable in this enthusiasm, but it tended, like most enthusiasms, to a certain falsity of view. Mr. Balfour has remarked on the difficulty of finding any enthusiast who will tell the simple truth, and the constant contemplation of maps colored red undoubtedly led to failure to appreciate the other colors of the palette. Too much stress was laid on Qu'Appelle and Walla-Walla; the silent men with strong chins, who passed their lives predominating over people black, brown, and yellow, were somewhat too readily assumed to be the only people who mattered; and, just as the earlier

nineteenth-century industrialist had looked only to more machinery to cure the ills much machinery (working fatalistically) had already brought about, so the late nineteenth-century imperialist, while conscious that everything was not lovely in East Ham, sought to make things right with another slice of East Africa.

But this school was in the main healthy; perhaps its chief weakness was a too conscious health; it thought too much of muscle and chest expansion, and forgot that a man has a soul to be saved as well as a biceps to be flexed. But it is more reasonable to take pride in a strong arm than to glory in a weak lung, and the simplest of the imperialists had the advantage over the most complex of the Decadents, in that a real sanity underlay their incidental extravagances. They might be too fond of one monotonous color scheme of red, white, and blue, but it did stand for something recognizable. But the Decadents, finding

satisfaction only in art tints, went on mixing and re-mixing the primary tints until they got to something very like mud-color, and even to mud itself.

These people stood for something which can perhaps be best described as a revolt without a standard, a rebellion without object or hope. They were in arms against everything that had happened, but had no idea whatever of what they wanted to happen. Indeed, they appeared to be pretty certain that nothing could really happen. They seemed to be really impressed by the accident that they were near the end of a century. Two French expressions occur with disheartening frequency in the periodicals of the time. One is *chic* and the other *fin-de-siècle*. Closely consorting with these invaders was the native (or rather American-English) adjective 'smart,' usually used in conjunction with the substantive 'set.' It was the whole duty of a 'smart set' (literary or otherwise) to be *chic*, and true *chic* could only be attained by being *fin-de-siècle*. So all to whom fashion was of importance, since they could not help being Victorian and nineteenth century, deliberately set about wearing the livery of the period inside out or upside down, deriding what they could not change.

There was a curiously impotent restlessness among the intellectuals of the period, like that of people imprisoned in a waiting room during a block on the railway, or a country-house party on a wet Sunday. When people are tired of sitting still, and cannot summon resolution to go out for a walk, they are apt to depreciate the furniture and take it out of the cushions, and the Decadent movement was really an assault on Victorian console tables and antimacassars by men and women who had grown too soft in Victorian easy chairs.

Aubrey Beardsley was very typical of the 'nineties in his unenjoying luxu-

riousness, his invalid naughtiness, his trammelled originality, and his pert pessimism. He was in pictorial art much what Wilde was in literature, except that he possessed a certain conscience of the hand, so to speak, a pride and care for technical quality, which few considerable draughtsmen lack, while Wilde, though an artist also, lacked such fastidiousness, and was just as pleased with a cheap victory as with a dear one. Both he and Wilde were in revolt against convention, but each would have died rather than do anything naturally. Both were at war with the Victorian decorum, but both respected slavishly the little law of a little clique. Both suggested the futility of all things, the one in the most precious prose, the other in the most austere thought-out design.

Both offended against all laws, human and divine, in order to be brilliant and exceptional, and both were under the thrall of taboos with the force of the commandments and crotchets elevated to the dignity of a religion.

Each was guilty of extraordinarily bad taste, not a simple but a complex bad taste, reminiscent of the decaying Roman world; there was something barbaric in their oversophistication, and something common in their over-refinement. They were much as a woman who turns up in a diamond tiara at a village penny reading, or a man who wears his orders at the dinner table of an intimate friend. Both had a curious delight in mere richness; that purring satisfaction of Wilde in a mere catalogue of precious stones—you will find it in *The Picture of Dorian Grey*—is paralleled again and again in the joy with which Beardsley elaborates gorgeous stuffs in his designs. And in the work of both is that rather indescribable thing I have spoken of as a revolt

without a standard and without a hope.

Neither knew quite where he expected to get; the main thing was to do something that shocked the orthodox. It was a feature common to many quite different people. The Socialists, for example, fought without making the smallest provision for a victory; they were content to make victory seem worthless to the party in possession. Mr. Shaw was most intent on showing that the system in being did not and could not work; he was far less interested in proving his own case. Conservatism was content with Liberal failure; it had no particular formula of its own. Novelists drank absinthe with perhaps a faint hope that they might write like Guy de Maupassant, but with a much stronger faith that they would be saved from writing like Sir Walter Besant.

Pessimism is always barren; a pessimism which needs continual conscious cultivation is merely ridiculous. Aubrey Beardsley was saved from being merely ridiculous by that conscience of the hand to which I have alluded. He might have been Mr. Shaw's model for the character of Dubedat, the invalid artist of *The Doctor's Dilemma*, who had every fault but treason to the truth of line and the 'might of design.' Indeed, only a real passion for his art could have enabled him to compress so much achievement into so short a space of time. At the beginning of the 'nineties he was unknown; the decade was little more than half completed when he died; yet in the interval he had become the most discussed artist in England, and had made for himself a place in English art which is still notable. He was gifted with a fatal precocity. Born and educated at Brighton, he lived during his earlier years the unwholesomely pampered existence of an infant phenomenon. It was, however, music and not draughtsmanship which

brought him this early notice; such drawings as survive from his 'teens and earlier are in no way remarkable.

It was not until he had been working for some time in an insurance office in London that certain drawings, done in his spare time, were put prominently before the world by the discrimination of a critic. In a moment the unknown youth became famous and the short remainder of his life was a struggle to get through the commissions showered on him. He had so far had no sort of training; he now made some attempt to learn the grammar of his art, but his attendance at the chosen studio was extremely desultory, and he might almost be said to be entirely self-taught. He was a strange mixture of industry and slackness. Under the inspiration of an idea, he would shut himself up for days in his rooms, with the blinds drawn and the electric light on, working at designs in a sort of concentrated fury. Then for weeks he would idle or worse than idle, while the publishers raged over broken engagements. For he retained his passion for music; he liked society in which he could exercise a kind of hard wit which was his; he had a fancy for becoming a man of letters; and places where modish men and women were to be seen were frequented partly because he liked the surroundings for themselves, and partly because they gave him types and ideas.

Beardsley had one great talent apart from the mere mastery of line. Overcivilized himself, he was unequaled in suggesting the tragedy of over-civilization, though quite possibly he did not feel it. He could portray with remorseless truth, though in a convention as strict as that of an old Chinese artist, certain types of modern men and women. He is the limner of the pinched soul, the pampered body, the craving without appetite, the animalism without animal health. At Brighton, even

as a boy, he must have studied with close attention those types which are easily lost in a great city, but are isolated at the seaside as on a lighted stage, and, dominating nature as actors do their scenic properties, give the impression that large fortunes and small passions are the stuff life is made of.

To Beardsley, the greater light and the less only existed as astronomical facts of minor interest; his real element was the arc-light of the street or the shaded glow of the interior. There is a sense of joyless depravity about his men and women, as if vice were a routine, and even a solemn social ritual; and his illustrations of the *Morte D'Arthur* are made ridiculous by the perpetual recurrence of the haggard eye and small evil features of people Beardsley had studied in a Piccadilly restaurant or the Casino at Dieppe. Anachronism, so often the joy and life of literature, is no necessary fault in the decorative artist, and nobody need quarrel with Beardsley for taking liberties with the gowning of Isolde. But it was as anachronism without excuse to swap souls as well as dresses. The chief fault was with those who commissioned him to do work for which he was unfitted. An artist who loved the Brighton Pavilion should have been manifestly out of the running for the illustration of the *Morte D'Arthur*.

Those who think of genius as a form of disease of course connect the radical unhealth which is the stamp of everything Beardsley did with the physical malady which claimed him as an early victim, forgetting that many men with much the same peculiarities have lived to a good old age with no trouble more serious than an occasional indigestion. If he were an invalid, Beardsley, like Stevenson and Henley, was a virile one, and it may be doubted whether the lines of his career were predestined for him by his phthisical tendencies. His

disease was very far advanced before it left any considerable mark on his work, and it might almost be said that up to the end he was making progress.

A more reasonable explanation of the peculiar flavor of his work is to be found in the reaction of a highly individual mind to an intellectual fashion. The fashion came from France, and was the result of the defeat of 1870; it was born on the other side of the Channel of a quite explicable despair, but adopted on this side of the Channel only for wantonness. After the terrible year, the French could no longer pretend to one sort of primacy in Europe, but a primacy of some kind seems to be necessary to the life of France, and so the French intellectuals pretended to a primacy in decay. The arguments, unconsciously worked out, seemed to run something like this. 'We, the French, are the most civilized race of mankind. We have been beaten by healthy barbarians. We are doomed to be beaten again, some time or other, by the same healthy barbarians. Health is the quality of barbarism. Let us, therefore, make a boast of our unhealth, and if it does not exist let us make a false pretense of it. The tricolor is lowered. Let us raise the yellow flag of the lazar-house.' The yellow flag was accordingly unfurled, and the Yellow Book was the answering signal in England. Most that was unwholesome in England in the 'nineties was French in origin, and most that was unwholesome in France sprang from a poisoned wound then only twenty years old. Beardsley was Beardsley chiefly because Bismarck was Bismarck.

Fate denied Beardsley any chance of outgrowing what may have been after all only the mood of youthful cynicism. His health broke down definitely in the spring of 1896, and the next two years were a mournful, hopeless, and rather lonely struggle against increasing weak-

ness. He took refuge for the winter at Bournemouth, where he lived in a house called Muriel, of which he wrote to a friend: 'I feel as shy of my address as a boy at school is of his Christian name when it is Ebenezer or Aubrey.' A few months later his troubled spirit sought repose in the Roman Catholic Church; he made his first confession in March, 1897. Commenting somewhat earlier on a priest who was also a painter he had remarked: 'What a stumbling block such pious men must find in the practice of their art'; now he observed of Pascal that 'he understood that to become a Christian the man of letters must sacrifice his gifts, just as Mary Magdalene must sacrifice her beauty.' 'The most important step of my life,' he said of his conversion. 'I feel now like someone who has been standing waiting on the doorstep of a house upon a cold day and who cannot make up his mind to knock for a long while. At last the door is thrown open, and all the warmth of kind hospitality makes glad the frozen traveler.'

An improvement in his health enabled him to go abroad during the summer. But the approach of autumn gave him warning that hopes were illusory; at Mentone he was too ill to touch paper, and he died in the early spring of 1898. Six years had comprised the span of his artistic life, and two of them had been spent in continuous illness.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

A TENDERFOOT IN INDIA

BY A. W. HOWLETT

THE Griffin is seldom heard of nowadays, though in old books of India, about the time of the 'sixties, he occurs commonly enough. Perhaps his extinction is a measure of the changes in Indian life. The new-comer is not pre-

cipitated into a world wherein all social forms and customs are so utterly at variance with those he has left behind. Indian service is not so long, and does not bind a man to India for so long as it did. Three weeks' voyage is within a more measurable distance of home than the three or four months of the old days; and so it is that there are many more Griffins in the country together and the individual Griffin is less remarked. Perhaps, too, he is better instructed in the ways of the East before he leaves home.

Still, many of the old pitfalls lie in his path, and he often startles his worthy bearer by addressing him as Huzoor! (Excellency) or amazes the mess by announcing that he had had two *chuprassies* (messenger boys) for breakfast instead of *chupatties*. He has been known, even within recent times, to be induced to sit up in a tree all night in the expectation of getting a shot at a camelopard, an animal whose name was allowed to occur so freely that he dared not show his ignorance by asking what it was. In his first essays at shikar he still brings home in triumph the luckless but useless crow pheasant, an ill-advised corvine who has thought fit to seek destruction by getting himself up in the splendor of the more regal bird. But now that there are daily newspapers, almost daily strikes, motor-cars, cinemas, and other appendages of civilization, these incidents pass unnoticed save for a mild jest or two at the club.

Still, it is a strange enough world into which the neophyte disembarks. The first thing that wakes him as he lies asleep on the deck is the sudden hush of the screw. Day and night it has been beating steadily as a heart all those thousands of miles, scaring heaven knows what sea monsters in the deep caverns of the sea, every thrust driving further from home and friends

that little world of men and women so strangely rash. He sits up, sees in the feeble glimmer of the stern light the rows of men lying beside him like sardines in a box, then rises and goes to look over the rail. Heavy odors which he has never known before load the air, the myriad odors of an Eastern city, sweet and sickly, seeming to be more a part of the air itself than adventitious smells, an emanation of the heavy-breathing night lying like a blanket over that vast land at whose doors he is about to knock.

A low murmur of voices comes from below, and he sees many small boats waiting by the towering iron walls of the great liner. The gleam of a torch wavers across the sullen oily water. The air is hot and heavy like a fever in the blood. And now comes dawn, one of a million, but to him just *the* dawn, dawn of a new day, and a new life to him at least, whatever it may mean to those millions of humanity that begin to stir in field and jungle beyond the seaward barrier of the Ghauts. The dawn is like the smell of night, there is something sickly about it. It grows quickly, first a lemon yellow, then a rush of pink and red with an underlying violet where it touches the sea. The great façade of the Taj Hotel stares out, rubbing its eyes; the tall palms, rubbing shoulders with countless roofs and balconies, begin to nod 'Good morning' to the still dark islands lying out in the bay as the first breath of the down wind catches their fronds; the dim outlines of the Ghauts grow photographic as they shoot out vain fingers to catch the leaping sun, which, with a roll and a twist, escapes from their dark recesses and mounts like a king onto his throne. The bay wakes to life. Launches come and go in clouds of smoke; big fat clouds get up their clumsy sails and begin to sidle over the water like dowagers over a

ballroom floor; the sea flashes and re-flashes. The margins of the bay, remote on the horizon, for it is a hundred miles round, are serried with long lines of palms.

All is bustle on the ship. The stewards are rolling up the carpets, the cabins are empty. What sigh-borne tales they could tell, these same cabins, of long partings, of secret tears. They are the last link with home. But there is no time to bother with them now.

In his room in the hotel the Griffin settles down for the night. He has lived a month or two in these last few hours. With a somewhat unfriendly curiosity he examines his sleeping chamber; the tiled floor, so cool and fresh-looking,—a carpet would be intolerable,—the mosquito curtains hung round the bed, the iron grating which does duty for a window, the long, wooden bathtub, the ceiling so high above his head. Somewhere out in the glare, among the strange shrubs of the hotel gardens, the coppersmith bird is reiterating his single monotonous note, 'Tonk, tonk, tonk,' for all the world like a hammer beating a copper kettle. A few natives pass with a patter of naked feet by the tall iron grating which looks on to a side street. A lizard is creeping about the wall stalking the flies. Night falls. Will he ever forget that first night in his adopted home? No, not even after thirty years, when, a grizzled veteran, red-faced and a trifle bent and less springy than now, he pulls up his overcoat round his ears and looks out across the sparkling channel to watch the endless procession of ships still carrying out the youthful scions of his race.

The train lies in the great Victoria terminus, gathered in all its immense power, like a couchant lion, for its spring into the sun-smitten wastes of the Indian continent. It, too, is a novelty, with its lengthwise seats, four

to a carriage, two below and two atop, which at nighttime will be made into beds. It has triple windows with sunblinds to its carriages, a blue glass to keep out the glare, a gauze frame to keep out mosquitoes, and a shutter to close them all. In the hot months it has also a *phus-phus tatti* — a lattice-work of the fragrant *phus-phus* twigs over which drips a constant stream of water from a tank. The wind blowing through it cools the air by evaporation, and when the exterior air is like that of the inside of a brick kiln it alone makes life possible.

The India he is to see now is as different from Bombay as the Cheshire plains are from Woolwich, for Bombay, be it repeated, is not India. The Indian tailor, standing at his shop door and diagnosing the Griffin instantly, asks if he does not want a nice cool suit for up-country. And the Griffin laughs. He thinks if 'up-country' is any hotter than Bombay it must be a different planet, a place where temperatures cannot be measured by earthly standards. When the train stops next day at Jhansi he will begin to know all about it. By next June he will be wondering if he cannot get ten days' leave to go down to Bombay to work up a

shiver, or at least get a passable night in bed.

But at last he lands on his own doorstep, after all these thousands of miles of travel. It is a month since he left home, and he looks about him, mentally comparing the great dusty compound before him, with its stucco walls and cactus hedges, with the trim garden in Essex. His servant is laying out his kit inside the bungalow and the brown-skinned bhisti is hurrying up the drive with the two old petrol tins of bath-water just as they have done for dozens of sahibs who have come and gone. But the Griffin's mind has gone back to the Essex greenery, and for the nonce he sees only the red plough-land and the church towers peeping, gray and old, like half-timorous monastics, from the friendly shelter of the elms. He thinks of Lyall's verse, wondering if it will come true, as too surely it will:

Thou hast racked him with duns and diseases,
And he lies, while thy scorching winds blow.
Recollecting Old England's sea breezes
On his back in a lone bungalow:
At the slow-moving hours repining,
How he girds at the sun till it sets!
As he marks the long shadows declining
O'er the Land of Regrets.

[The Times]

MR. STEPHEN GRAHAM STUDIES THE AMERICAN NEGRO

IN the course of last winter Mr. Stephen Graham made what was probably a more extensive tour through the Southern states of the United States, for the purpose of studying the negro question on the spot, than has been made by anyone not an American for the last three-quarters of a century. He walked (an extraordinary thing for a white man in the South) a distance of some 300 miles through black areas, following the path of Sherman's army to the sea. In this book* he gives us the impressions of that tour; and the picture with which he presents us is a dreadful one—dreadful both in the general condition of the mass of the negroes as he paints them and still more dreadful in the hopelessness—the utter lack of illumination—in the background.

The white South could improve its negroes infinitely if it cared to do so. On the whole, however, it does not wish its negroes to rise, and seems most happy when they can be readily identified with the beasts that perish.

One is compelled to doubt whether this statement is as true as its author thinks. He plainly does not like the white people of the South. He found them (one wonders why) 'suspicious of strangers'; and, furthermore, he seems himself to have met, or he refers to, only two white men of standing who showed any inclination to champion the negro or any true interest in his welfare: one a business man in Memphis and the other the Roman Catholic Bishop at Savannah. It is impossi-

ble not to feel that he was unfortunate; and equally impossible not to feel that, in the mere agony of his pity, he is over-tender to the weaknesses of the negro. This is a pity; for Mr. Graham has given us a powerful book and one which, if less passionate and provocative, might have done much good.

'The negro South,' Mr. Graham found, 'was a sort of skeleton cupboard which must not be exposed.' In the cities of Eastern Virginia—the apex of the South—you see the negro at his best; and Mr. Graham makes an effective picture of the culture, the comfort, even wealth, and happiness which he found there. He mixed with the negroes in their churches, schools, and colleges, visited them in their homes, saw them at work in yards and factories and fields, sat with them at their entertainments, and drove with them in their cars. Negro doctors, dentists, bankers—and undertakers—grow rich. We are introduced to Dr. —, 'a rich practitioner, living in a delightful villa, with polished floors and a French neatness in the furniture and decorations'; to a prosperous banker 'who had his knock-about car and his limousine, and a finely appointed house and a governess for his children,' and who said: 'I am fighting for the negro by succeeding in business. There is only one thing that can bring him success, and that is achievement'; to a student at Virginia College who took Mr. Graham to his study-bedroom:

The student was an intense and earnest boy with all the extra seriousness of persecuted race-

* *Children of the Slaves* by Stephen Graham. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

consciousness. He said in a low voice that he would do anything at any cost for his people. He said that the present leaders of the negro world would fail because of their narrow outlook, but the next leaders would win great victories for color.

It must be remembered that in the South the term 'negro' includes all who are known to have a taint, however small, of black blood; and, owing chiefly to the amount of illegitimacy forced on the negroes by white masters in slave days, many among them are not easily distinguishable from white people. Of their intellectual future Mr. Graham has the highest opinion:

These segregated interests have produced and tend to produce an ever-increasing negro culture, and, though that culture may be despised because of its humble beginnings, there seems no reason why it should not have a future which will compare with that of white America.

He believes in the future of the negro drama; especially, he believes in the negroes' future as educators:

If colored students only go on in the way they have begun, there is quite a good prospect of their obtaining posts to teach white children in white schools — not, perhaps, soon in Alabama, for it is strongly prejudiced, but elsewhere first and then in this state. To start off with, they would be excellent with young children. There is a broad road of conquest standing open there.

Here is a striking extract from a negro speech which he heard:

A colored man's actions are not judged in the same light as those of a white man. Well, I'm not against that. It is giving us a higher ideal. A colored man has got to be much more careful in this country than a white man. He'll be more heavily punished for the same crime. . . . Where a white man gets five years' imprisonment, the negro gets put into the electric chair. Where the white man gets six days, he gets two years. If a white man seduces a colored girl, she never gets redress. If the other thing occurs, the negro is legally executed or lynched. What is the result of all that inequality? Why, it is making us a more moral, a less violent, a less criminal people than the whites. Once at a mixed school they were teaching the white and black boys to jump.

But when it was the black boy's turn the teacher always lifted the stick a few inches. What was the consequence? Why, after a while, every colored boy in that school could jump at least a foot higher than any white boy. That is what is happening to the negro race in America.

From the 'apex' of Virginia, 'the traveler going South is let down gradually into a sort of pit of degradation,' sliding 'downward to filth and serfdom' until, in the true Black Belt, is the mass of the farm-laborers:

With the jowl of a savage, matted hair, bent backs, deformed with joyless toil, exuding poisonous perspiration and foul odor, herded like cattle or worse, nearer to the beast than our domestic animals, feared by women and weak men, as beasts are feared when they come in the likeness of human beings.

Here there is no social force heaving the mass upwards. In picturesque phrase the Dean of a University said: 'We have to let down rope-ladders to our people to get them up here. We live in such abysses down below, and there is no regular way out of the pit.'

The book contains only a single illustration, the photograph of a crowd of white men and women looking on at the burning of a negro whom they have lynched: a picture horrible in every detail. Tales of, or references to lynching, run like a blood-red thread through the volume. Of the seventy-seven lynchings in the course of last year, seventy-two took place in the Southern states; and Mr. Graham produces figures which strongly support his contention that the common plea that lynchings are necessary to protect the honor of white women is untrue. Of twenty-two lynchings in the State of Georgia, in 1919, only two were for alleged assaults upon white women. The other twenty were for a variety of crimes and misdemeanors, by far the greatest number being for supposed murders.

While lynchings, however, constitute the most terrible individual count in the indictment of the Southern states for their treatment of the negro, they probably do not contribute in the aggregate so much to the discontent and hardship of the black men, nor breed so much resentment in him, as the practically universal injustice to which he is subjected as a man and citizen. It is this injustice and this resentment which form the main theme of Mr. Graham's book. The negro is promised, on the sacred word of the Constitution itself, equal citizenship with the white man; and he does not get it. He does not get it at the ballot box; he does not get it in the courts or in the schools or in any walk of daily life; nor is there any pretense of giving it to him. In proportion, moreover, as he grows prosperous or acquires education, and thereby becomes better able to understand the extent of his deprivation, his resentment at his loss of citizenship and the injustices which he suffers deepens. Therefore, it is said, it is that 'the South does not wish its negroes to rise.' Therefore, also, it is that out of this sullen resentment there is among the negroes growing up, Mr. Graham tells us, 'religion of being black,' carrying with it an intense race hatred. The new generation, we are told, is being brought up to 'glorify negro color.' 'It is told of the princes and warriors from whom it descended, learns with the geography of the United States the geography of Africa, and delights in the cognomen Afro-American.' Adam and Eve, they are taught, were surely black people and Our Saviour Himself was not white. They would away with white angels and a white God. Said a negro speaker:

Why, I ask you, is God always shown as white? It is because He is the white man's God. It is the God of our masters. It is the God of those who persecute and despise us, the colored people.

How far such talk may carry with a people of the temperament of the negro it is impossible to say; but Mr. Graham sees the growing up of a deep class hate. Instead of conditions being improved, they have been made worse by the war. For one thing, the French have no such depth of color-prejudice as have either we or the Americans; and the black soldier in France, it seems, had no difficulty in winning the companionship and favors of white women. It is a phenomenon with which we are not entirely unacquainted in our own empire. Then, the negro was conscribed like the white man, and while the black troops were in France the negro population at home worked for and subscribed to all the war charities. They, in fact, 'did their bit.' Apart from the political consideration of the wisdom of setting a discontented black race to fight against a white people, 'what more absurd,' Mr. Graham asks, 'than to take a man who is being illegally disfranchised by the community and make him fight for that community? Not only has their war service done nothing to improve the negroes' position, at least in the South, but there have been race riots in several places, North as well as South, since the war; and at Houston, in Texas, 13 black soldiers in uniform were hanged for taking part in a riot. A powerful and moving poem on the subject — 'The Thirteen Black Soldiers,' by Archibald Grimké — is quoted by Mr. Graham, full, as he says, of 'boiling resentment':

For her they were always and everywhere ready
to die,
And now she has hanged them, her thirteen black
soldiers.
For murder and mutiny she hanged them in
anger and hate,
Hanged them in secret and dark and disgrace.

There was a time, in the days of the late Booker T. Washington, when the

controlling counsel among the negroes themselves was a counsel of moderation and self-restraint. They are under different leadership now, at least so far as Dr. Dubois' influence extends: a leadership militant and, in effect, Bolshevik in spirit. They are being taught a bitter doctrine of race-hatred, and 'every negro child is learning that the white man is his enemy.' It is, indeed, an uncomfortable book; a book of tragic forebodings. If there is a ray of light, it is to be found in the following sentences:

Perhaps with the downfall of the Democratic party and the possible triumph of the Republicans, something practical will be done during the next few years to help the negro. The main hope of color must lie in a Republican President and a Republican Senate being in power together.

Well, after next March we shall, at least, see that.

[*The National Review*]

RAYNHAM HALL AND ITS GHOSTS

BY A. H. SINGLETON

GHOST stories have a wonderful attraction even for those who profess not to believe in ghosts and who try to explain them away on scientific grounds. As an old woman in Ireland said to me, when I asked her about some local fairy-lore, 'There does be some as sees things, and more as does n't.' So it is with ghosts. To see them is to believe that such things are, but if you do not see them yourself, they do not exist. Very simple, but hardly conclusive.

I have often been asked to write down what I can remember about the 'family ghosts' at Raynham Hall, having been told about them by my mother, whose mother, Lady Elizabeth Loftus, was a daughter of the first Marquis Townshend. Before her marriage she spent much of her time at

Raynham with her sister, who had married her first cousin, Lord Charles Townshend, and also with her uncle, Lord Frederick Townshend, at his Rectory at Stiffkey, which was not far distant. Many years later, she and I stayed with her cousin, Lady Jane Hildyard, who had apartments at Hampton Court Palace, and there I was an attentive listener while they told each other old stories of the Raynham ghosts.

Lord Charles Townshend inherited the Raynham estate from his father, subject to a condition that he was not to come of age until he had attained his fortieth year. This occurred in 1840, and so many guests had been invited for the occasion that there was much difficulty in finding rooms for them all. In this dilemma the house-keeper came to Lord Charles and told him there was a room in one of the wings which had evidently not been used for some time, as the floor was covered with ashes and rubbish and looked as if a fire had at some time been lighted in the middle of it. She thought, however, that with the help of some furniture and a carpet the room could be made quite comfortable. Lord Charles approved of the suggestion, and the ashes were at once removed and buried. When this was being done a door, which had hitherto been unnoticed, was discovered in one of the walls. It was opened, and found to lead to some steps, which ended in a blank wall with no apparent outlet. The guests arrived, the room was occupied, but from that day the 'Brown Lady' again began to 'walk.'*

She lost no time in revisiting her old home. On the first night of the festi-

* The 'Brown Lady' is supposed to have been Dorothy, wife of the second Viscount Townshend. She was a daughter of Sir Robert Walpole and sister of the first Earl of Orford (the Prime Minister). She died March 29, 1726. It was said that her spirit had been 'laid' by some form of exorcism which consisted in the burning of these ashes.

ties two young men, near relations, Compton Ferrers and his cousin Loftus Ricketts, had been sitting up late smoking. 'As we were going upstairs to bed,' Compton told me himself many years later, 'we saw a woman in an old-fashioned dress going up the "brown stairs" in front of us. We thought at first that it was one of the servants, but soon realized that the figure in front of us was no living woman. We had heard of a figure dressed in brown who was supposed to haunt the "brown stairs" (so called on account of her having been frequently seen on them), but nothing had been heard of her for a long time, and we looked on the story as a myth. However, there she was, and being both of us young and plucky, we determined to follow her and see where she would go. At the head of the stairs was a long passage ending in a closed door. When she reached the door she turned and faced us, then vanished *through* it.'

'What was she like?' I asked.

'I cannot describe her face; it looked like that of a skeleton, with the most extraordinary eyes. The next day we both went to have a look at the door through which she had disappeared and found merely an empty cupboard, nothing more!'

I wanted to ask for more particulars — how she was dressed, for instance — but was unfortunately interrupted and the opportunity lost.

Lady Jane Hildyard told me that the year after her brother inherited the Raynham estate and the title of Marquis of Townshend she, with her husband, who was a barrister on the Norfolk Circuit, went to stay at Raynham for the Assizes. Mr. Hildyard was in delicate health at the time, and was taken very ill in the middle of the night of their arrival. She went into the adjoining dressing room to prepare

some medicine which he always took when he had similar attacks. When she returned with it he said: 'Why, Jenny, how late you are! The housemaid has been in to light the fire.' She assured him that it was impossible for anyone to have entered his room without passing through the dressing room in which she had been all the time. But he persisted, saying, 'She put back the curtains at the foot of the bed and stood staring at me for ever so long, and what extraordinary eyes the woman has!'

When she went down to breakfast the next morning Lady Jane told as a good joke that her husband had seen the 'Brown Lady,' but the others took it more seriously. However, Mr. Hildyard recovered sufficiently to be able to attend the Assizes at Norwich a few days later, but was taken ill the first evening, and died before she could reach him.

After this her sister-in-law, Lady Townshend, had the cupboard at the end of the passage thoroughly cleared out, papered and painted, and pegs put up to hang her dresses on. This, however, did not seem to trouble the 'Brown Lady,' who was frequently seen on the stairs called after her, especially before any death in the family.

Another story she told me was of a different apparition. On one occasion when the first Marquis of Townshend and his wife, 'the beautiful Lady Townshend' as she was called, who was Mistress of the Robes to the wife of George IV when she was Princess of Wales, were staying at Raynham, the house was unusually full of guests. One day a letter came from an old friend who was traveling through Norfolk, telling them that he would arrive that evening to stay for a few days with them. They were in despair. There was not a vacant room in the house, and no way of putting him off.

In this dilemma it was the French governess who saved the situation. There was quite a good room in one of the wings in which the servants slept. Could she not go into that and give up her room to the guest?

Her offer was gratefully accepted. Arrangements were made, the room made comfortable for her, and a good fire lighted. Madame went to bed, but not to sleep. She felt restless, but ascribed her restlessness to having had a busy day, to a strange room, and unusual surroundings. She looked toward the fireplace and saw, to her horror, the figure of a man standing between it and her bed. How could he have got into her room? She felt sure that she had locked the door. How long had he been there; and, worst of all — was he in the room when she was preparing to go to bed? She did not like to get up and call the servants to turn him out. Thoroughly roused, she sat up in bed and scolded him in her broken English: 'What you doing in my room? Get out this minute!' The figure made no answer, but, keeping his eyes fixed on her, slowly retreated toward the door, *through* which he passed, and she saw him no more.

The next morning Madame went to Lady Townshend's room and said there was something she felt she ought to tell her. When she had finished, Lady Townshend looked very grave and called to her husband, who was in his dressing room next door:

'George, come here. Madame has something to tell you.'

Madame repeated her story of the night's adventure. When she had finished, he returned to his room and took out of a cabinet which stood there the miniature of a middle-aged gentleman wearing an old-fashioned Court dress, his hair tied in a pigtail, and a sword by his side. He handed it to Madame, saying:

'Was the gentleman you saw last night anything like this?'

'Dat!' exclaimed Madame; 'dat was de very man was in my room last night.'

'It was my father,' said Lord Townshend, and replaced the miniature in the cabinet from which he had taken it.*

Another of his appearances was to my aunt, Lady Charles Townshend, the night before her departure from Raynham after the death of her husband. She herself told the story to my mother the last time they met.

She said that she had been busy in her own sitting room looking over papers, tearing up old letters, and doing the countless things that have to be done before breaking up one's home. As she went up the 'brown stairs' on her way to bed, she saw the figure of a man bending over a cabinet which stood near the head of the staircase. The doors of the cabinet were wide open, and he appeared to be taking out the miniatures which were kept in it, looking at and replacing them. She thought at first that it was one of the men-servants, and wondered how he could have got the keys, as the cabinet was always kept locked. She could not see him very clearly, but thought he did not look like any of the servants, as he appeared to be wearing the costume of a hundred years ago. She said that he was still there when she got to the top of the long staircase, but he did not appear to take any notice of her, and she did not speak, but turned quickly down the passage which led to her bedroom.

The next morning she sent for the butler and questioned him as to what the men-servants had been doing the previous night. He said they had all

* The original of this portrait was the Viscount Townshend who took over the command at Quebec when Wolfe was killed. He lived much in America and is said to have led a very wild life.

gone to bed in the servants' wing at the usual time; that he himself had waited up to put out the lights and see that all was right downstairs and had not been upstairs at all. After breakfast, my aunt said, she examined the cabinet and found it locked as usual, and the key on the bunch of keys in Lord Charles's room.

I was told other stories of the ghostly visitants of the old house, but it is so long since I heard them that I am not sure whether I remember them correctly. The foregoing are from notes made at the time and perfectly authenticated. Do these troubled spirits still linger round their old home, or have they yet found rest, I wonder.

The appearance of Lord Conyers Godolphin Osborne, second son of George, sixth Duke of Leeds, though it cannot strictly be called 'A Raynham Hall Ghost Story' is, apart from its interest, sufficiently connected with the family to deserve a place here. My mother, who was staying with her uncle at Stiffkey Rectory, heard all the details from her aunt, Lady James Townshend, a few days after the tragedy took place.

In the year 1831, Yorkshire and Oxford were a long way apart, and Lord Conyers broke his journey from Hornby Castle by staying for a night with his aunt, Lady James Townshend, at her house at Yarrow. He went on to Oxford the next morning, and on his arrival found a letter from the Dons of his college inviting him to dine with them that evening. On his return to his rooms after the dinner he sat down in an armchair to rest while his servant prepared some coffee in an adjoining apartment. At the same time Lord H——, son of the Marquis of D——, was at the same college as Conyers. He was known for his extraordinary strength, which had already caused the death of a waterman with whom he had

had a wrestling match when quite a boy at Eton, whom he had thrown with such violence as to kill the man on the spot. He had gathered round him at Oxford a set of wild young men, and Conyers, who was slightly made and rather delicate, had promised his tutor to have nothing to do with them. While he was resting, Lord H—— came in to invite him to go out with himself and some others 'for a lark.' Conyers refused, on the plea that he was tired after his journey and the dinner, and wanted to rest. Upon which Lord H—— seized him by the arms and lifted him bodily out of his seat. Conyers, however, clung to the arms of the chair, and H——, finding he could not make him release his hold, flung him back, at the same time striking him in the chest. Conyers fell back insensible, and H——, thoroughly alarmed, called for assistance. A doctor was sent for, but all means used for his restoration failed, and he died in a few minutes.

At the very time that this happened, his aunt, Lady James Townshend, was sitting at her writing table in the drawing room at Yarrow. Some impulse made her look toward the door, and she saw it slowly opened and her nephew Conyers standing on the threshold looking mournfully at her. Believing him to be at Oxford, she started up, exclaiming:

'Conyers! Is that you? What has brought you back again?'

There was no answer, but as she advanced nearer to him he drew back, still looking at her in the same sad way, and disappeared into the hall.

Lady James followed, but there was no sign of him to be seen. She rang and questioned the servants as to when Lord Conyers had returned — how he had come, and where he had gone. No one had seen or heard anything of him. They searched everywhere, but no trace of him was to be found.

This was long before the days of letter or other posts, and it was some time before Lady James heard anything that could shed a light on the mystery. At last a letter came by special messenger, begging her to go at once to her sister at Hornby, as she was prostrated with grief at the sad news which had just reached her of the sudden and tragic death of her son at Oxford.

[*The Saturday Review*]

THAT 'OLD-WORLD' COTTAGE

WITH this page in hand — like an 'Order to View' — it is likely enough that fellow-sufferers will rise up to bless us. We are quite sure they will not bless the house agents as they read. Equally surely will they follow — and that with lively feeling — the crass, but eager efforts of these suasive fellows through our brief and stormy story. For how many men, how many women martyrs have passed through similar fires?

We owned a cottage high on the Chiltern Hills; and — now it is sold — we shall describe it with merciless accuracy. In Napoleon's day it was three rural cottages; but later Napoleons of brick and mortar had turned the little block first into two, and then into one modest house, that was good to see — at any rate from outside. Our cottage was covered with ivy and roses. It faced both ways upon its own fruit-shaded lawns. One blind end looked to an orchard lane, the other upon a fifty-acre field, where in late August the poppied corn swayed soothingly with yellowing beechwoods in the misty beyond.

All this is true, and seems idyllic. Our cottage was seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. There were meadow foot-paths down to the station; and an express train landed one at Baker Street in forty-five min-

utes. Well within the hour, in fact, one was wandering through London's Lowest Prices in Oxford Street.

But, unhappily, Our Lady did not love the cottage. To begin with, the bathroom had no bath, and that for two reasons. First, a bath could never be taken in up crazy stairways, and round right angles of minatory bend. Secondly, the floor of that bathroom would never have supported a full-sized bath, with forty or fifty gallons of water in it.

As crass and eager as any agent, we ourselves bought a massive bath, and took it down to the cottage. But the cottage refused to admit it, even though the local carpenter took down certain woodwork, and made a serious mess upstairs. What, then, were we to do with that bath? We at last presented it to a farmer neighbor as a cattle-trough; and he agreed to make good its value in apples and eggs, in cabbages, milk, rabbits, wood-pigeons, and such small deer. Moreover, we saw to it that the adjusting of the balance between us took a long, long time.

Our lady was more than plaintive about the cottage, its kitchen and scullery arrangements, and the difficulty of keeping the place clean, both inside and out. Then the distance from a cinema and from stalwart men terrified the servants into constant 'notice.' The jobbing gardener would fall sick (which was to say get drunk) and disappear for weeks, until our delighted twins could play hide-and-seek in the lawn grass. It was all very distressing; and Our Lady used quite unladylike language about it. At long last she grew violent, lapsing into passionate tears, and threatening to pack up and go to London for refuge. It was an impossible house, I was assured. It was all up and down, in and out, and round corners, a diabolic warren with a leaky

roof, and drainage that was sound enough, but also a serious anxiety.

There was a cesspit that went 'down to the chalk' under the rose arbor; this swallowed the kitchen water, and never needed emptying. There was a second cesspit below the little orchard, with an inspection-chamber near the house; this pit did *not* go 'down to the chalk,' and needed constant pumping out — a fearsome secret task, done in the dead of night by demons armed with bucolic gear and oil-lamps.

We decided to dig that cesspit 'down to chalk,' and several demons began upon the job. At five-and-thirty feet the nethermost of these gave up at last, pointing out that he was young, with an aged mother, and all his life before him. He did not want to be buried alive; and for days masses of clay and stuff had given him serious warning of the fate in store. So the last state of our cesspit was worse than before. We paid a big bill; and feeling small, we conferred with our triumphant Lady.

'Let's sell the beastly place,' she pleaded curtly. 'If you don't, you'll have me on your hands as a hopeless invalid, or a lunatic. Let's do the cottage up. Let's cut the ivy, patch the slates, clear out those *awful* gutters, and get a gorgeous show of flowers for the people who come down to view.'

Hearing this, we sighed, because we loved the old house, with all its devilries and drawbacks. Our silence gave consent; our Lady wrote to all the best agents, painting a *Paradise Lost* in such alluring terms that life soon became a huge and perplexing misery.

The agents came down to see us. Some were very young, others were middle-aged; there were even two or three spry patriarchs among them. All were well dressed, and all enthusiastic. They had the manners of diplomatists, and all left the cottage with more or less severe bruises and smashed hats,

by reason of low doors and ceilings, as well as sharp corners and surprising obstacles in passages and halls.

But the strangest thing was the unanimity with which our agents decided that ours was an 'Old-world Cottage' with gardens to match. The plaster-hidden rafters that wounded those men only convinced them that there was 'plenty of old oak'; this fact was noted on the spot in writing. A couple of diamond-paned lattice windows was the source of 'Tudor' inspiration and more notes, which swelled the pæan of insinuation.

Some of the envoys then and there prepared advertisements so tempting that we tried to pour drops of cooling upon their transports, foreseeing trouble when folks came down from town with the 'Orders to View.' But not a jot of their glow and purr would those agents abate.

Three days later we were staggered to see our Old-world Cottage shiningly set out in the *Times* and other 'pulling media.' Our first instinct was to flee the place and leave an ex-sergeant of shock-troops to receive the onslaught of visitors.

Events now moved swiftly. That same afternoon eight handsome cars were parked in the lane outside. Other people came up in carriages from the village inns; yet other pilgrims had crossed the cressed brook by the Vicarage and braved the upland footpaths, like explorers in strange land.

We admitted the viewers in couples or families. We sorted out males and females, warning all about the low portals, the trick stairways, and odd steps up and down, for which there was no accounting in modern domestic architecture. Still tragedies would (and did) happen.

It was amazing how many giants and giantesses came down to see that Old-world Cottage. Presently murmurs

arose, as towering confections of flowers and feathers were suddenly bashed and lopped, as though by fists in furtive onslaught.

'A poky little hole,' we now heard from the disillusioned. 'Scandalous misrepresentation, I call it.' . . . 'It's those brutes of agents again. I'll make 'em pay for the car, and all our exes.'

. . . 'Think of the railway fare,' said somebody else. 'The time and trouble and disappointment!' 'And now *may* we see the Old-world Gardens — and cesspits?' Even our smiling Lady wilted somewhat under the searing irony poured upon us.

More cars. More carriages. More pilgrims afoot — including a High Court Judge. And here was the postman, with such a sheaf of letters and telegrams as the village office had never previously seen.

We ourselves had long since lapsed into silence. But our Lady sustained us with shining eyes and marvelous re-

serves of feminine strength. Joan laughed aloud when one of the giants fell down the steep back stairs. Then the twins besought a person of duchess mien, to 'do it again,' when she dived headlong into the drawing room from one of those unaccountable steps which are the curse of Old-world Cottages.

This sort of thing went on for days. We sent telegrams to the agents beseeching them to withdraw the advertisements, or at any rate, to prune their lush luxuriance. But they did neither.

'Leave it to me,' our Lady urged. 'I've one or two applicants coming on nicely. *Tout s'arrange — tu vas voir!*' Then our Lady actually danced, until her smile woke an echo in masculine weariness.

And alone our Lady did it. 'I've sold the old Mouse-trap,' she wrote to me gleefully in London, with shaky spelling and indecorous words that welled from her own huge relief.

[The New Statesman]

A NOVEL BY THE NOBEL PRIZEMAN

PAN is the tale of an 'impossible' passion — impossible in that slang sense for which there is no dictionary equivalent, and which not only does not mean impossible, but generally denotes some quality particularly tangible and obtrusive. Lieutenant Glahn, the narrator, lives alone in a hut in the northern woods, dreaming through the winter and summer, save when he must shoot or fish for food. He is twenty-eight and has uncouth manners and a beard, and according to Edvarda, the daughter of the chief local trader, he has 'eyes like an animal's.' 'When you

look at her it is just as if you touched her, she says.' As for Edvarda, she pretends to be sixteen when she is really nineteen. She had no figure and 'thin arms that gave her an ill-cared-for appearance'; and when she was interested and forgot herself, 'her underlip hung far down,' which made her 'ugly, foolish-looking'; but she had long hands and 'thin, pretty calves.' Glahn thought nothing of her until one day amongst a large party she thought she heard him slighted and humiliated.

She came straight to me, she says something and throws her arms round my neck, clasps her

arms round my neck, and kisses me again and again on the lips. Each time she says something but I do not hear what it is. . . . Then she slipped away from me . . . stood there yet with her brown face and her brown neck, tall and slender, with flashing eyes and altogether heedless.

That night she wanders round his hut to be near him, a waif-like creature. Then every day they meet and gradually she moves him and makes him happy. She is wistful and passionate and somehow holds him.

'*Godaften, Edvarda,*' I say, worn out with joy, and throw myself down on the road and clasp two knees and a poor dress.

'That you should care for me so!' she whispers.

And I answer her: 'If you knew how grateful I can be! You are mine and my heart lies still within me all the day, thinking of you. And I have kissed you. Often I go red with joy only to think that I have kissed you.'

But when he is bound hand and foot she changes into a sprite. She snubs him and laughs at him for his social awkwardness and goads him to madness. She begs him not to say 'Du' to her before company. For days she is cold, a thousand miles away, and ignores him among her friends, whither she has enticed him. At the end of an empty day

We got into the boat and she sat down beside me on the same seat, her knee touching mine. I looked at her and she glanced at me for a moment in return. It was a kindness she did me touching me so with her knee. I began to feel myself repaid for that bitter day, and was growing happy again when she suddenly changed her position, turned her back on me, and began talking to the Doctor. . . . I did not exist for her. . . . Her shoe fell off; I snatched it up and flung it far out into the water, for joy that she was near, or from some impulse to make myself remarked and remind her of my existence — I do not know. It all happened so suddenly.

The shoe was rescued.

I was deeply ashamed, and felt that my face changed color and winced, as I wiped the shoe with my handkerchief. Edvarda took it without a word.

Later he apologizes. 'Yes — an extraordinary thing to do,' says Edvarda. After weeks of torture he determines to drop her and forget her. (He is by no means without other feminine consolation.) But she guesses his resolve, reminds him of a glass which he had clumsily broken in her home weeks before — a painful incident which she had made infinitely humiliating — and tells him that she gathered up the pieces and has kept them. He asks her when she gathered them up.

'Why — a week ago, perhaps, or a fortnight. Yes, perhaps a fortnight. But why do you ask? Well, I will tell you the truth — it was yesterday.'

It was yesterday! No longer since than yesterday she had thought of me. All was well again now.

So she gets him back once more and again tears his heart. Week after week she tortures him, drives him away, and pulls him back to her. She induces him to come to a dance, which he had sworn he would not attend. But having got him, she refuses to dance or to drink with him.

'*Skaal,*' I said, and lifted a glass to drink with her.

'I have nothing in my glass,' she answered shortly.

But her glass was standing in front of her quite full.

'I thought that was your glass.'

'No, it is not mine,' she answered, and turned away, and was deep in conversation with some one else.

'I beg your pardon, then,' said I.

A few minutes later he seeks to escape. She catches him by the door and says:

'I wish all these people would go away at once, all of them. No, not you — remember you must stay till the last.'

He stays, slipping into a little side room to wait. At last the guests are gone.

Edvarda came in again. At sight of me she stood a moment in surprise; then she said with a smile:

'Oh, are you there? It was kind of you to wait till the last. I am tired out now.'

She remained standing.

So he goes. And so it goes on. At last he resolves to leave the country. He visits her to say good-bye.

She rose to her feet and I saw that my words had some effect.

'Glahn, are you going away? Now?'

'As soon as the boat comes.'

I grasp her hand, both her hands, a senseless delight takes possession of me. I burst out: 'Edvarda,' and stare at her.

And in a moment she is cold — cold and defiant. All that was in her resisted me, she drew herself up. I found myself standing like a beggar before her. I remember that from that moment I stood repeating mechanically, 'Edvarda, Edvarda,' again and again, without thinking.

'To think you are going already,' she said. 'I wonder who will come next year.'

The end is the inevitable end, and we will not describe it. All through the book there is an overwhelming sense of fate. There is not a word that is wrong. Everything that is said, had to be said. Some readers may regard the whole thing as grotesque, and so it may be, but only in the sense in which Dostoevsky may sometimes be felt to be grotesque. What Hamsun has achieved in this book is an amazing simplification of a certain aspect of passion. Nothing quite such as he tells may ever have happened between man and woman. Nevertheless, the thing that he shows with biting force is something true, something that has always happened in some degree between men and women ever since the world began, but has never before perhaps been painted quite so truthfully and relentlessly and with so little else to distract.

On the surface it is the cat playing with the mouse, yet plainly it is not really that, but something far more disturbing and profound. Edvarda is no coquette. She has to live intensely and is intensely dissatisfied with life. She uses her power over Glahn, not to

amuse herself, but to keep herself alive. Until she had caught him the chase was enough, but for her there was nothing but dullness and degradation in connubial bliss, licit or illicit, for there the woman's personality is inevitably submerged. Her passion for Glahn was in no wise less than his for her, but she feared it and tried to revenge herself on him for it. Submission to her emotions would have been for her the end. Hamsun does not say this. He tells the story, and tells how, when Edvarda had learned the lesson of women, Glahn preferred to die rather than take up again such a duel.

We shall hear very much of Hamsun. We ought to have heard of him twenty years ago. It is possible that he is the greatest of all Scandinavian writers. His method is curiously like that of Conrad. He has much of Conrad's elusive and consummate technique — the same manner of presenting his story as a series of intense trifles whose sequence and coherence are only gradually apparent, but in the end utterly convincing. And behind this supreme, spontaneous, technical faculty there is a great deal of that detached psychological omniscience which one has learned to associate almost only with Dostoevsky and Shakespeare. One does not assign him that rank since it would imply a breadth of range for which evidence is lacking. But he seems to have that certainty of touch, that faculty of making the improbable as truthful and convincing as the probable, that power of creating authentic personality which only the very greatest artists achieve.

It is a pity the editors of this series of translations do not inform us of the original dates of publication. The question, for instance, of whether this book could possibly owe anything to Conrad's later work is not only interesting but important.

TO MY GUEST

BY GERTRUDE BONE

AMID the happy grass, which, waving
soft,
Sighs a low music through the summer night,
The wandering winds shall weave the
melodies,
And dawns be tremulous with the
birds' delight;

Through the wood's silences shall still
go free,
The rapture which deep-falling water
sends;—
Thou dost but change the vesture, not
the dream;—
Find for thy fatherland the heart of
friends.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

IF I SHOULD FALL ASLEEP

BY G. LAURENCE GROOM

If I should fall asleep where no dreams
are,
If I should wake alone through endless
years,
I shall have caught the laughter of a
star,
Prisoned the music of the wandering
spheres.

It is enough to have given as I gave,
With trumpets flaring and brave
flags unfurled,
To have dreamed that we were stronger
than the grave,
To have believed that we were wiser
than the world.

It is enough to have known the perfect
hour,
To have drunk the swift, mad wine
of our desire,
To have seen love blossom like a magic
flower,
And laid our fingers on the winged
lyre.

It is enough, though silence be the rest;
Nor any dawn for me let laughter
through,
I shall have stood above the high
world's crest,
I shall have glimpsed the vagrant
soul of you.

[*The Poetry Review*]

THE SMALL HOLDING

BY D. B. SEDDING

A HOLDING small upon a Cornish moor,
A homestead hidden in the hush of
trees;
Doves flutt'ring in and out a half hatch
door,
While far away the wind wails o'er
the leas.

In ploughing time a crowd of great
white wings
Of seagulls shrieking o'er the sod
upturn.
In harvest time a host of lesser things
That sing among the stubbles of the
corn.

And in the autumn lest I seem to hear
The endless crash of cannon rending
all.
About my garden ways the leaves drop
near,
Making a golden carpet where they
fall.

The gorse will fade, and fading flower
again,
And all the sleeping moorland weak
to life
The heather from the couch where she
hath lain
Till mem'ries fade, and echoes of the
strife

Come as the many noises of the fair
To some quiet nun who, kneeling at
her beads,
Hears the far discord through the
limped air,
Yet in her rapture neither turns nor
heeds.